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High Times

November '77

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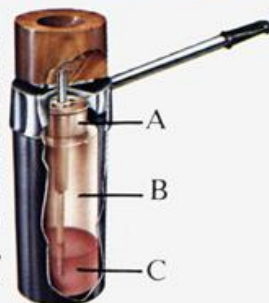
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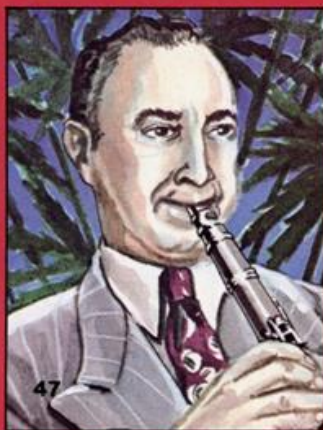


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Skydiver was released to the public in April—and the response was tremendous. At last—a smoking bong designed by a graduate physicist—not a marketing manager. Skydiver is unique among all other bongs—unique in design, unique in action, unique in construction. Most of all, Skydiver is unique in performance. It is the current undisputed champion of stone-ing machines, the forerunner of a second generation of smoking paraphernalia.

ADVANCED DESIGN

Skydiver's design is light years ahead of anything else currently built. Tube length, tube diameter, bend angles, and burn elevation are all critically calculated. Total air capacity is carefully matched to that of the adult human lungs. Air rush is instantaneous through a giant 1½ inch diameter carb tube with its own air tight plug. The result is a product that is inherently superior to all others, thanks to the creative application of proven laws of physics.

UNIQUE ACTION

Skydiver is operated in unique manner, due to its exclusive RIP-CORD ACTION. While other bongs require you to hold your finger over a tiny hole cut into the main tube, Skydiver has a separate 1½ inch diameter carb tube complete with its own sealing plug. With Skydiver there is no more groping for that tiny hole; you merely inhale in the usual manner and then pop the carb plug by jerking on the rip cord. And when you do "pull the rip cord," be ready for . . .

THE MOST POTENT HIT

Skydiver's oversized carb tube and exclusive "rip cord action" combine to give you ACCELERATED AIR FLOW, and that's what cool, powerful hits are all about. Skydiver's 1½ inch diameter carb tube provides 48 TIMES the draw capacity of the ¼ inch carb hole used by everyone else. This means that Skydiver's air rush is instantaneous when you pull the rip cord. With Skydiver you will take stronger hits than you ever imagined possible. Its air rush is so fast that your lungs will be filled to capacity before you have even felt anything. Skydiver is quite simply the most awesome stone-ing machine ever released to the public.

AND THE COOLEST HIT

The same scientific principles that enable Skydiver to deliver the most potent hits also provide the coolest hits. The degree to which a hit is considered cool is determined by the speed of the air flow. All smoke is harsh, even drawn through water, so—the faster the smoke travels down your throat, the less time it has to irritate the tender throat lining. Skydiver's ACCELERATED AIRFLOW provides the solution to this age-old problem. Recycling bongs, double-chamber bongs, etc. are the Edsels of the paraphernalia industry. Their dime-store gimmicks actually impede air flow, causing the smoke to become even harsher! Only Skydiver, with its instantaneous air rush, can give a truly cool hit.

BUILT TO LAST

Skydiver is built like no other bong. In a sea of mass-produced mediocrity, Skydiver stands apart. Each Skydiver is built by hand to the most exacting standards ever set forth in the paraphernalia industry. Skydiver is a full 30 inches tall, constructed of heavy-gauge ABS tubing, the

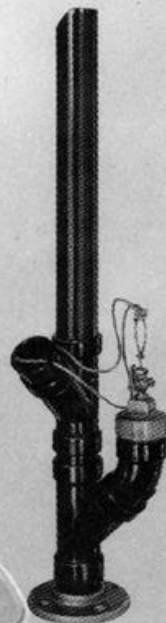
same space-age material used to build your telephone (when was the last time you broke a telephone?). Skydiver bowls are individually machined from solid brass, and then hand-polished. The rip cord is genuine leather. All tubing is painstakingly assembled and then sprayed with 5 coats of enamel—2 primer coats, 2 high-gloss color coats, and a transparent, ultra-gloss top coat for that mile-deep, wet look. The finished bong is available in 3 colors: Jet Black, Wild Cherry, or Midnite Blue; all with contrasting solid brass bowls, plungers, and bases. Skydiver is hands-down the most stunning bong ever built.

EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Skydiver has it all: advanced design, impeccable construction, superior performance, hand-crafted beauty. And if all that weren't enough, ACH, makers of Skydiver, offer the strongest warranty in the business—the ACH Double Guarantee. If you buy one of our bongs and are dissatisfied for any reason, return it within 30 days for a full refund. That's our first guarantee—you simply cannot be unhappy with Skydiver, or we buy it back. Our second guarantee is this—if Skydiver EVER breaks, cracks, or leaks—we will replace it absolutely free! There you have it. Like Skydiver itself, our guarantee is the simplest, the strongest, the best.

A WORD ABOUT PRICE

Skydiver represents the current state-of-the-art in smoking paraphernalia. It is the ultimate product that present technology can produce. As such, it is not cheap—but neither is your stash. Stash is expensive; stash is precious—and it is becoming more so every day. For less money than one ounce of primo stash, you may own the only product available that extracts the full benefit of that stash—the ACH Skydiver bong. You have not experienced the full measure of pleasure that smoking can give until you smoke through Skydiver. Skydiver is still available direct from ACH, but not for long. It is soon to be available retail only, and the price will definitely be higher. So buy Skydiver direct and save. Use the order form below and begin smoking the right way. Do it now—YOU OWE YOURSELF THIS EXPERIENCE!



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November 1977 • No. 27 • High Times is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$16, 24 issues for \$29 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$18, 24 issues for \$33 • In South America, West Indies and Caribbean: 12 issues for \$30 • In Europe: 12 issues for \$37 • In Africa, Asia and Middle East: 12 issues for \$45 • Send all mail to High Times, Box 386 Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 • Offices at 116 East 27th St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (no mail to this address) • Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.



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RIZLA

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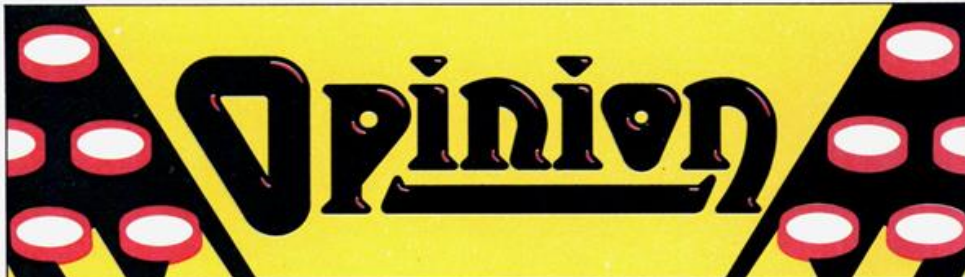
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Free the Heads, Jail the Feds

Lawlessness has become a way of life for the police—guardians of the public safety. If society hobbles their efforts with a spate of constitutional niceties and other inhibiting deterrents, they argue, the Mafia, the Black Panthers, the FALN, the Weather Underground and the Son of Sam will inherit the earth and our safe deposit boxes as well. Even when middle-class white students were gunned down at Kent State University on May 4, 1970, the general public excused the killings as the reasonable reaction of armed national guardsmen to the taunts and gibes of unarmed antiwar protesters, all in the name of protecting hearth and home against those it has been taught to fear.

It is small wonder that Senator Church's Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations reported in April of 1976 that the FBI and other police and/or intelligence agencies had adopted tactics "unworthy of a democracy, and occasionally reminiscent of [those] of totalitarian regimes." Unfortunately, it will take much more than the findings of an investigative body of the United States Senate to convince jurors to convict clearly guilty officers who offer, as they all do, "local" or "national security" defenses. That is why law officers will be acquitted, no matter what the evidence against them or how assiduously prosecutors present a case. Those who, as it was once said of autocratic monarchs, can "do no wrong," will, naturally, do plenty of it.

Of course, some law enforcement personnel are, from time to time, indeed found guilty of crime. After all, William Phillips, the New York City cop who testified before the Knapp Commission some years back on police corruption, was convicted, after two trials, of murdering a prostitute and her pimp. In addition, there are sporadic instances of guilty verdicts in cases of extortion, bribery and other forms of routine graft. But none of these involve so-called "line of duty" situations in which the officer or agent murders, incites to murder, burgles, brutalizes, eavesdrops or opens mail in a purported effort to prevent or solve crime.

This is because most Americans believe that in the course of their work, law enforcement officers simply can do no wrong. Relying on the strength of this faith, the special agent in charge of the St. Louis Division had the audacity last year to proclaim to a church audience that FBI agents were "the ambassadors of God." But



it makes it literally impossible to convict any police officers, national or local, no matter how provable their guilt, provided the crimes in question were, in the jurors' eyes, committed against enemies of the state or those who might become so.

The recent revelation that a half-million-dollar defense fund had been raised on behalf of John J. Kearney, the former head of the FBI's Squad 47 in New York City, who had been indicted for initiating a variety of illegal acts such as wiretapping and opening of mail without warrants during his tenure, came as a real surprise. Not only did I marvel at the size of the fees his lawyers must be charging, but I realized that the intelligence community was prepared to go to any extreme to defend one of its own. I should have known this when I saw newspaper photographs of some 300 agents standing in silent protest on the steps of Manhattan's federal courthouse on the day of Kearney's arraignment. The defendant and any other indicted former or present FBI personnel could not possibly be convicted of any crimes allegedly committed in the line of duty.

Bill Kunstler

William M. Kunstler

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Light Up and Breathe

As a chronic bronchitis and asthma sufferer, I consider myself as much an expert on my condition as any doctor. From my research on both epinephrine-adrenaline medications and cannabis products, I have determined that:

- A joint or two of good reefer will help me breathe easier, faster, than either Tedral (horrible side effects) or Quibron, which is expensive and requires a prescription.

- Honey or hash oil smoked through glass tubing are the best expectorants I have found, though I sometimes take a hit of Primatene Mist beforehand so I can take more deeply.

- The only way to get stoned while suffering from bronchitis is to stand in a closet with toking friends. Any direct smoking will hurt.

- Cigarettes are, of course, verboten, unless you have an attack and are out of dope, mist or pills.

By the way, why do doctors insist on taking the high out of experimental THC mists and inhalers? Don't they know asthmatics have a harder time copping a buzz because we can't get as much smoke—or anything else—into our lungs?

—Name withheld, Augusta, Maine

Hangul-Up

In your August issue's story on "The Coca-Cola Conspiracy," you misrepresented a bottle inscribed in Hangul, the Korean alphabet, as an "Arabic" bottle. Please don't let future language problems embarrass your excellent and highly reliable magazine.

—Gary E. Hair

332d Army Security Agency,
Pyongtaek, Korea

Weighty Subject

Reports regarding marijuana are so wildly distorted in the straight media, I sometimes suspect the authors were stoned when writing them. A recent letter to the Honolulu Advertiser by one Thomas McDaniel said *High Times* had estimated "that 20 million tons of pot are consumed daily in the U.S. alone." I know you were misquoted, but in case your pocket cal-

culator isn't handy, that comes to 186 pounds per day for every man, woman and child in the country! We must all be very stoned.

—Kevin Sidebotham, Honolulu, Hawaii
Maybe they smoke to relieve their her-nias. It's 20 tons per day.—Ed.

Let Me Amend That

All right boys and editors, re John Graff's article on Coca-Cola in the August issue:

The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was proposed by an all-male Congress on December 18, 1917, ratified by enough all-male state legislatures by January 16, 1919 and went into effect January 16, 1920. The Nineteenth Amendment, giving women the right to vote, did not become law until August 26, 1920, seven months after booze was banned. By perpetuating the myth that "the suffragettes"... enfranchisement in 1920 made Prohibition a sure thing," you deny that women are sensual, drug-loving creatures too. Forget all your inhibitions, get behind the ERA and publish all the tits and ass you want.

—Kathleen Knight, Los Angeles, Ca.

Mushroom Crowd

I've been harvesting the little-known southern California psilocybin mushroom *Panaeolus foenisecii*. It's common throughout the country, but produces psilocin and psilocybin only in



certain locations. Around here, it is prolific, potent and needs neither pastures nor dung. It prefers community park lawns, where custodians unwittingly tend the crop.

—Lynnus ab Ventura, Oxnard, Ca.

Price and Pride

Thank you very much for the fine review of my book, *The Botany and Ecology of Cannabis*, in the July *High Times*. Several readers have written asking the price of the book, which I failed to include when I sent it to you. The price is \$4, plus 24 cents California sales tax where applicable and 25 cents postage per copy.

—Robert Connell Clarke,
Box 1158, Ben Lomond, Ca.

They All Look Alike

Yes, as a matter of fact, I do know the poor wretch of whom the Advertising Council of America has made an example in its "Diagram of a Drug Abuser" [*High Times*, "Lines," August '77]. He happens to be my own best friend. And I am happy to say that he will continue to serve "the public good" for quite some time to come.

—K.H. Von Werther, Honolulu, Hawaii

International Marriage

We hope to cross-pollinate some of this homegrown Colombian with the African delights going up in smoke behind the stalks, thus obtaining the ultimate "no-



toke shit." The shiny bundles and sticks beneath the trees were copped deep in the heart of southern Africa, where three ounces of incomparable marijuana can be had for as little as \$10.

—Zapped on the Savanna

We Hold These Spores to Be Self-Evident

Nothing like my favorite magazine, red wine and some Florida beauty



mushrooms. I picked these winners in Hollywood, Florida, on July 4, 1977, and I've been declaring my independence from synthetics ever since.

—G.J., Hollywood, Fla.

Snake in the Grass

Many people down on the Bayou believe this harmless coachwhip snake can whip a person to death with its tail. The local



marijuana myths are no less ridiculous. This critter just loves my dope garden, and he's a great guardian against bugs and mites.
—Name withheld, Lulu, La.

Taking a Trip North

Pictured here are 1,000 hits of what we Ottawans call Honey Blotter, an extraordinary, sweet batch of white LSD. Each



one carries a molecular message that passes flavorless through the mouth, but not the brain: "Meant to blow minds, not preserve them."

—Name and address withheld

Whom Amorphia Profiteth

The September *High Times* included a letter from Mr. Raymond Haas concerning cigarette papers, which stated that "San Francisco's Amorphia, the cannabis co-op, markets its own Acapulco Gold trademark, with all proceeds going toward legalization." This is not true, and Mr. Haas knows it. Only Haas benefits from the sale of Acapulco Gold papers.

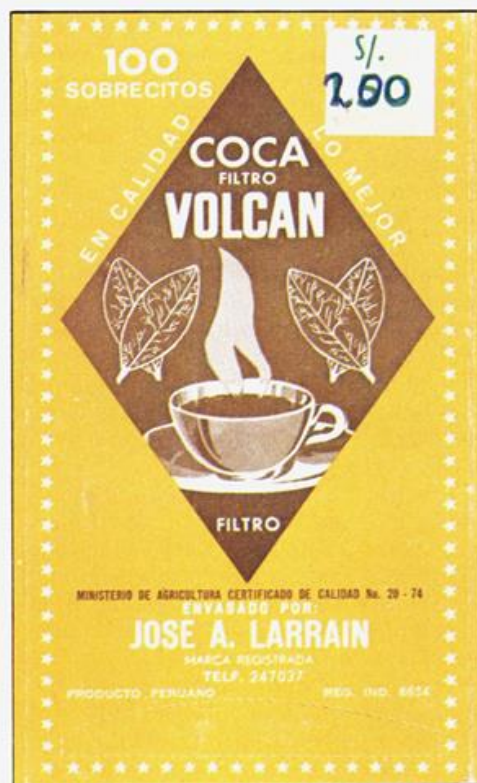
Amorphia, organized in 1969 to repeal marijuana prohibition, marketed Acapulco Gold cigarette papers to fund its political efforts. In early 1974, Amorphia

ceased its business operation, and its political program merged with NORML. Funding for Amorphia through the sale of Acapulco Gold ended when Mr. Haas brought a creditor's suit against the cooperative, seizing all rolling papers. Mr. Haas is now selling Acapulco Golds for his personal profits.

—Mark Heutlinger, Business Manager of NORML, Washington, D.C. Heutlinger served as Amorphia's director of marketing until its merger with NORML—Ed.

Attitude Sickness

Thought you folks might be interested in a box of Peru's finest tea. Depending on what kind of kitchen you have, there's



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—Darby O'Toot, Cusco, Peru

Stalks and Bonds

We are intrigued by the "Legal Pot Futures" mentioned in the July "National Weed." Where can we get the address of Paul Cornwell, so we can cop a few shares before legalization takes the corner off the market?

—James and Mike, West Palm Beach, Fla.

You aren't the only readers who had trouble finding the address. Look closely at the pictured certificate, and you'll see Box 53102, Atlanta, Ga. 30355.—Ed. ☐



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Opening Your Charge Account

Q: Jim Hougan's piece on ion generators [High Times, July '77] told us everything except how to score one. Unfortunately, I don't live by a waterfall, and my apartment came without fountains. Can you close this generation gap?

—Sherman Grant, Cleveland, Ohio

A: The best known source is Edmund Scientific Co., 300 Edscorp Bldg., Barrington, N.J. 08007. Their Aeroionizer (stock #72280) "does not emit ozone" and retails for \$99.95 plus shipping.

Edward Ben Elsen, lawyer, headshop owner and hydroponic pot greenhouse retailer, recently formed Ionization Internationale to make the generators designed by 95-year-old inventor Dr. Anton Pliska. Elsen is promoting Pliskatrons to relieve various ailments and boost sexual potency in both humans and pot plants. They cost \$140 from Disciples of Akhenaton, 2793 Willow Court, McFarland, Wis. 53558.

Probably the most powerful unit available is the Ion-Air, from Golden Enterprises, 4824 W. Golden Lane, Glendale, Ariz. 85302. This corona-discharge model can be had for \$275 fully assembled, \$165 as a kit or \$10 for plans only. Golden also sells several ion counters.

Swiss-made Marah ionizers are distributed by Source of Innergy, Inc., 4315 Woodman Ave., Sherman Oaks, Ca. 91423. They come in car models for \$80, room size for \$150.

Do-it-yourselfers can find ionizer plans in the June '71 issue of Radio Electronics.

Tender Is the Nitrous

Q: Chemistry texts at the local library tell me that nitrous oxide can be made by heating ammonium nitrate. I've used a commercial fertilizer marked 16.75-percent ammonium nitrate. Is the bittersweet gas given off really nitrous?

—Ruben Palatino, Bronx, N.Y.

A: Put down that test tube before you blow your head off. Ammonium nitrate is used in explosives as well as fertilizers. Nitrous is indeed its first-stage decomposition product when gently heated, but the organic matter found in fertilizer can detonate it. This happened to a Texas fertilizer freighter in the Sixties and to a German nitrate plant in 1921, when 50

workers were vaporized in a 400-foot crater. So keep the laugh in the gas and wait until you can get the expensive pressure-coolers used commercially.

Sleep Thrills

Q: I'm a dedicated musician, and I also love to party a lot, but sometimes it seems there aren't enough hours in the day for everything. Is there any way to cut down on sleep requirements without feeling worn out?

—Magdalena Modrono,

Truth or Consequences, N. Mex.

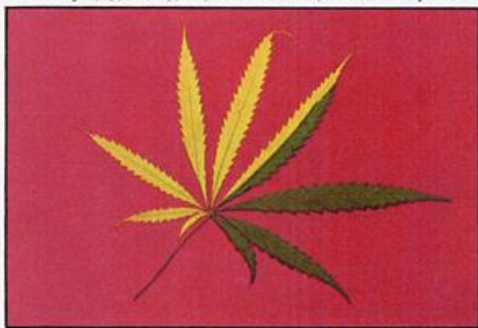
A: Various Yogic systems teach that meditation and optimum health reduce sleep needs, but a real reduction requires effort. San Diego naval researcher Dr. LaVerne Johnson tested four couples who cut down to 4½ to 5½ hours a night. Better to hit the sack later than try to beat the crack of dawn, he says, because the body is cold and hard to turn over in the A.M. But getting less in dreams will get you more in real life, apparently. Subjects reported improved alertness and frenzied sexual activity to fill all that extra time.

This Sportin' Leaf

Q: Here's a leaf from one of my otherwise normal plants. As you can see, it has a split personality. Why?

—Hannah Gladbeck, Oasis, Nev.

A: Seedlings whose parents were constantly fighting often manifest this prob-



lem. Who knows whether it was a blond virgin with shapely stems, the grinding poverty of the ancestral sierras or the father's habit of staying out all hours getting stoned and playing five-card stud with the boys. Something came between them that made the impressionable sapling forget how to make half its chlorophyll, an example of the genetic mistake called a mutant. Besides a broken home, it could have been caused by cosmic rays, pesticides, fallout or pure chance.

Pure Poison

Q: I've been having terrible insect problems in my garden this year. The beans, radishes, lettuce and some pot have already succumbed, but I don't want to use chemicals on things I plan to ingest. How do I cope with these pests?

—Peter Kandel, Tuxedo, Md.

A: Certain plants protect other nearby greenery from bugs. For example, a

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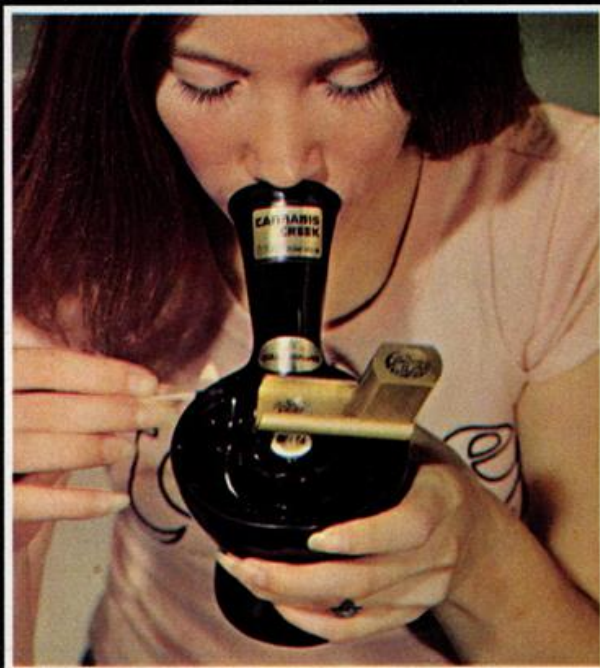
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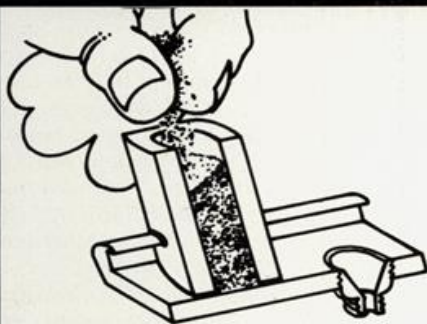
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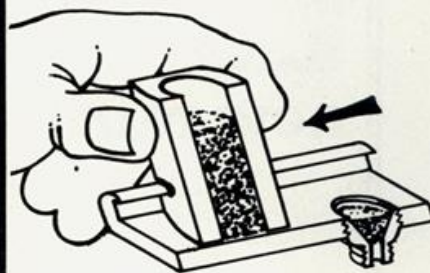
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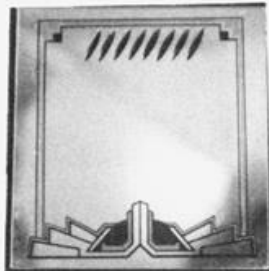
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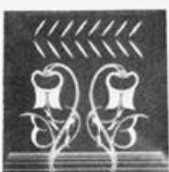
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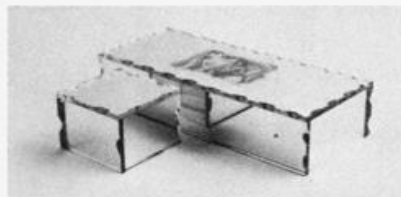
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border of garlic, camomile or marigolds will cut down your garden infestation.

Another solution is to use botanicals—pesticides made from other plants. The most common, available at any nursery, are pyrethrum (from chrysanthemums), rotenone and ryania. A few homemade remedies are also worth a try. Effective



Linda Harris

sprays can be made by dissolving a pound of laundry soap in two gallons of water (wash this off the same day) or by steeping tobacco or crushed garlic in water overnight.

Pounds of Cure

Q: I've been wondering about some hypothetical cannabis-curing methods that promise great efficiency—microwave ovens and liquid oxygen, nitrogen or hydrogen. Do you know of anyone who has experimented with them?

—Doper Don, central Maine

A: Although I have never heard of using supercold liquefied gases to cure marijuana, the use of high heat to quick-cure it offers no advantage except that the pot is dry in minutes instead of weeks. The purpose of curing is not just to remove water. The dying plant system must be allowed time to stabilize. Slow and thorough curing destroys the chlorophyll that makes green or quick-dried plants taste like hay.

Cannabis should be dried in cool darkness, with lots of circulating air to deter the growth of mold. Cure for three to five weeks, until the central stem of the flower cluster snaps briskly when bent. The buds should then be cut from the stalks and stored in opaque, airtight containers. Check frequently for quality.

—Robert Connell Clarke, author of *The Botany and Ecology of Cannabis*

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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Sex in People's China

by Bernard Garfinkel

On a 1975 press tour of communist China, an American correspondent asked a 19-year-old girl if she ever thought about sex.

"Oh yes," she replied. "But I drive it right out with thoughts of our Chairman Mao. He's the most exciting man of all, and I would never disappoint him and waste time in self-indulgence."

So go all the stories about sex in People's China these days. It would seem as if someone wanted us to think that the 800 million Chinese are a bunch of cold, fish-fingered collective farmers who have made puritanism the first condition of the workers' paradise. And, to be sure, the state does take a large hand in running people's lives, even in bed. Premarital sex is virtually outlawed. Men cannot marry until they are 30, women until they are 27. After having two children, both parents are compulsorily sterilized. Like everything else in modern China, sex is rationed by the state, and those *feng-liu* ("licentious ones") who can think of nothing else are *boo-how* ("very bad").

However, comrades, as you might have guessed, the lies of the yellow press have little to do with the actual state of love affairs in China today. How do you think they racked up an 800-million population, anyway? Truly, the Chinese have always been a lusty race, and the present breed of Maoist mandarins are no exception.

Take the late Chairman. He went through four wives like rhubarb through the hired girl. He proposed to Chiang Ching (China's leading porn film star during the Thirties) while still married to wife number three.

Mao's behavior was, in fact, far more typically Chinese than his 19-year-old admirer's. The rich and royal of China have always been incorrigibly sexy. There's been a kind of sexual divide in the country, with the great and near-great doing wild dances through the pages of Krafft-Ebing while the poor made babies. But rich or poor, the Chinese have always loved sex. Until 1935, when 100,000 prostitutes were driven out of the city, Shanghai was without doubt the greatest heaven sexual pilgrims have ever known, a place where a man or woman could pick and choose from dozens of varieties of broth-

els, dance halls, massage parlors and peep shows and come away weary but happy. And the last Manchu empress, Tzu Hsi, was just one of a long list of sex-crazed Chinese rulers. This nymphomaniacal lady slept with, among others, a still-potent eunuch, her cousin (a great taboo in China, where incest extends to remote family members and is the worst sexual crime) and an actor she disguised as her chambermaid in order to have him in her room at all times.

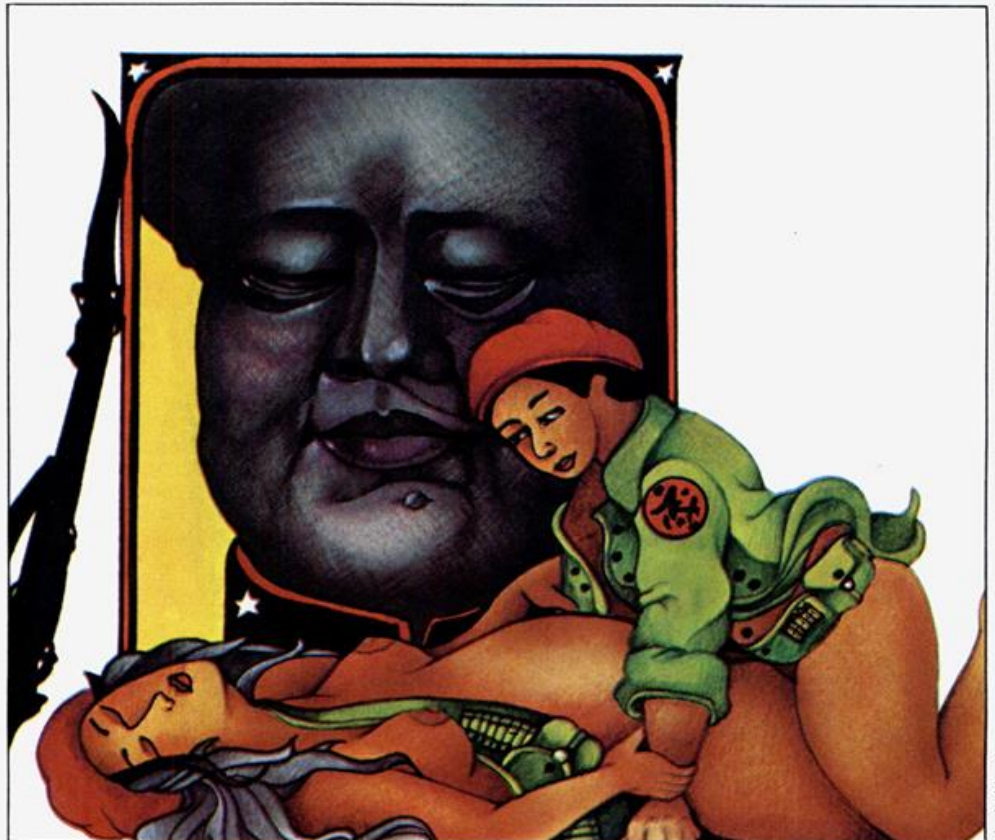
Even today many Chinese still privately consult the traditional, now-banned Taoist love manuals which, as Eric Chos has pointed out in his fascinating book, *The Dragon and the Phoenix* (Arbor House), are among the world's most delightful and imaginative guides to lovemaking. Ancient pornographic misuses such as *Chin Ping Mei* ("Plum in a Golden Vase") still circulate surreptitiously and are read with delight. In such volumes as *The Art of the Bedchamber*, *Manual of Lady Purity* and *Secret Codes of the Jade Room*, Taoist authors pursued the goal of bringing Yin and Yang (female and male) together under the most propitious circumstances. To arrange this, the manuals provide detailed instructions and techniques on the best ways to introduce the man's "jade stem" into the woman's "jade doorway."

Written from a male point of view, the manuals encourage men to cultivate non-discharge in lovemaking as a means of having as many as 30 or 40 women a night. They list dozens of positions: The Dragon Turns, The Rabbit Nibbles the Hair, The Fish Interlock Their Scales. They specify

length of stroke: in *The Dragon Turns*, "not more than five inches, moving and shaking slowly, thrusting not too deep for eight times, very deep for two." They describe a woman's stages of desire: "When her nose perspires and her breasts swell, enter her slowly." They recommend positions for special circumstances: with a woman who is "slightly frigid, to enter her from the rear is possibly the best solution."

Many Chinese are still guided, too, by an incredibly rich and strange store of Buddhist, Confucian and Taoist superstitions, taboos and customs, centered on encouraging sexual performance. These are traditional, and incredibly complicated, herbal aphrodisiacs. There are bizarre concoctions for increasing penis size: rub with a male dog's bladder stuffed with Szechuan chili pepper, wild ginger and a Chinese herb. There are strange taboos: never eat melon after lovemaking; it will cause the dread shrinking penis disease. Never make love when the man is still wet from a bath, or an "abnormal child" will result. There are long lists of food which will help sexual performance: walnuts, garlic, onion, chicken blood, the meat of turtles, cats, dogs and snakes.

Even the collective farms are not immune to the persistence of traditional sex customs. Every year, around May Day, communes in the remote interior still hold fertility rites during which giant phallic symbols are carried through processions along with posters of Mao, Hua Kuo-Feng and Karl Marx. As Barbara Stanwyck said to Richard Barthelmess in *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, "The subtlety of you Orientals is vastly overrated." ■



Linda Harris

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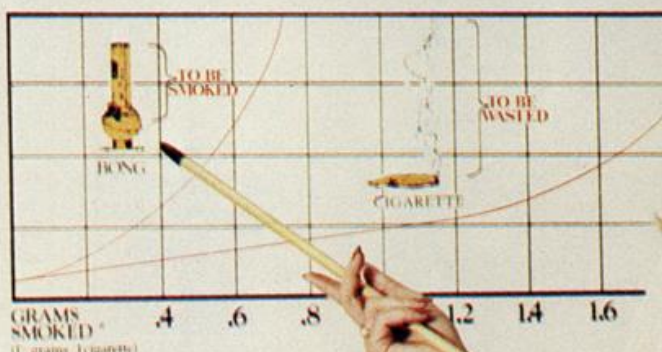
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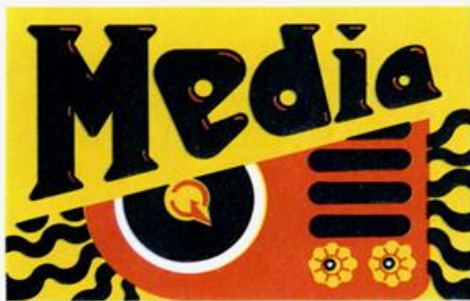
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Crookbooks

by Gilbert Choate

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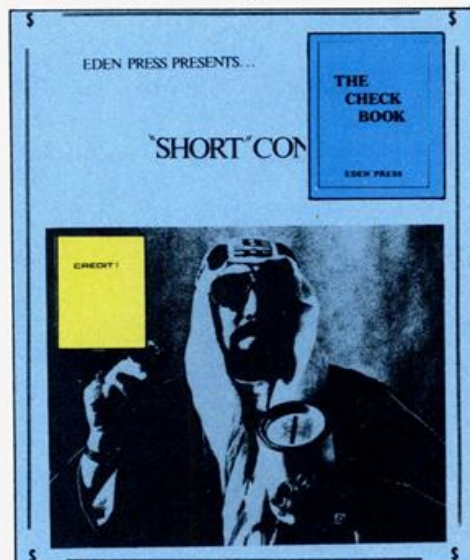
Eden's all-time best seller is **The Paper Trip**, recently supplanted by the new, improved 1977 edition of **The New Paper Trip**, which claims to tell the reader how to disappear by creating an alternate identity that is 100-percent "official." Author Barry Reid developed his "paper trip" philosophy into an art and science in response to the national mania for keeping track of everyone's identity and criminal and credit records.

These days no one can call any secret his or her own in an age when, paradoxically, most people are so unsure of their own identities that they have to be issued little paper cards reminding them of their names and addresses. In its 160 intensely practical pages, *The Paper Trip* covers such topics as the alias, fake ID and the law, sources of fake ID, stolen ID, forged ID, counterfeit ID, how to take over somebody else's identity, government record keeping, legal name change, where to write for birth and death certificates, do-it-yourself art for pseudo-official ID, driver's licenses, Social Security cards, U.S. passports, voter registration cards, state ID cards, nongovernment ID, military ID and a host of other themes.

In addition *The Paper Trip* recommends a number of suppliers of highly reliable materials for manufacturing and counterfeiting ID. As the book will convince you, the vast amount of techniques and resources available in America to anyone in need of disappearing, reappearing, going underground or even keeping a spare set of papers around just in case, makes fascinating reading, even if you never need to use a bogus personality.

If you're not too clear about the advantages of an alternative identity, Eden Press

also publishes a number of career-oriented brochures that might offer you a whole new outlook on life. For instance, there's **The Check Book** (\$10), which claims to reveal all the check games and swindles of professional paperhangers, including forgery, check-kiting and stashing your cash overseas. The author is "Hot Ralph," who writes: "I'm a professional crook. I grew up in the streets and in the prisons. I have no so-called morals, and I wrote this book for no particular reason." Though he is not given to bragging, Hot Ralph makes Willie Sutton look like a race-track dip. He clearly knows nearly as much about banking as Rockefeller and is so astute and methodical that it is a veritable wonder he was ever caught. Perhaps he is just bragging about his jail time to establish his credentials. Anyway, he goes on at great length about the many illegitimate things one may do—not that he recommends it, nor does the Eden Press, nor do we—by using the giant weight of the banking system against itself. He dis-



closes eminently fraudulent check rackets that involve the exploiting of insufficient funds situations, irregularities of signature, split deposits on out-of-state banks, counterfeiting cashier's checks, altering checks, monkeying around with bank drafts and bills of lading, using counterfeit certificates of deposit as collateral, account "sweetening" and dozens of ways of kiting checks, including many that are commonly used by corporations and banks themselves.

Another knowledgeable Eden Press author is Scot Tinker, whose **Short Cons, Clipping the Flocks, Big Time Operators' Manual** and **Classic Mail Frauds** (\$9.95 each or all four for \$35) comprise a four-volume encyclopedia of confidence games: some new, some old, none that aren't new to most people, many that will make you rich and others that will get you killed if you try them on the wrong marks. In his publisher's encomium it is written of Scot that, "instead of praying for the multitudes, he preyed on the multitudes." It is Scot's contention, however, that big

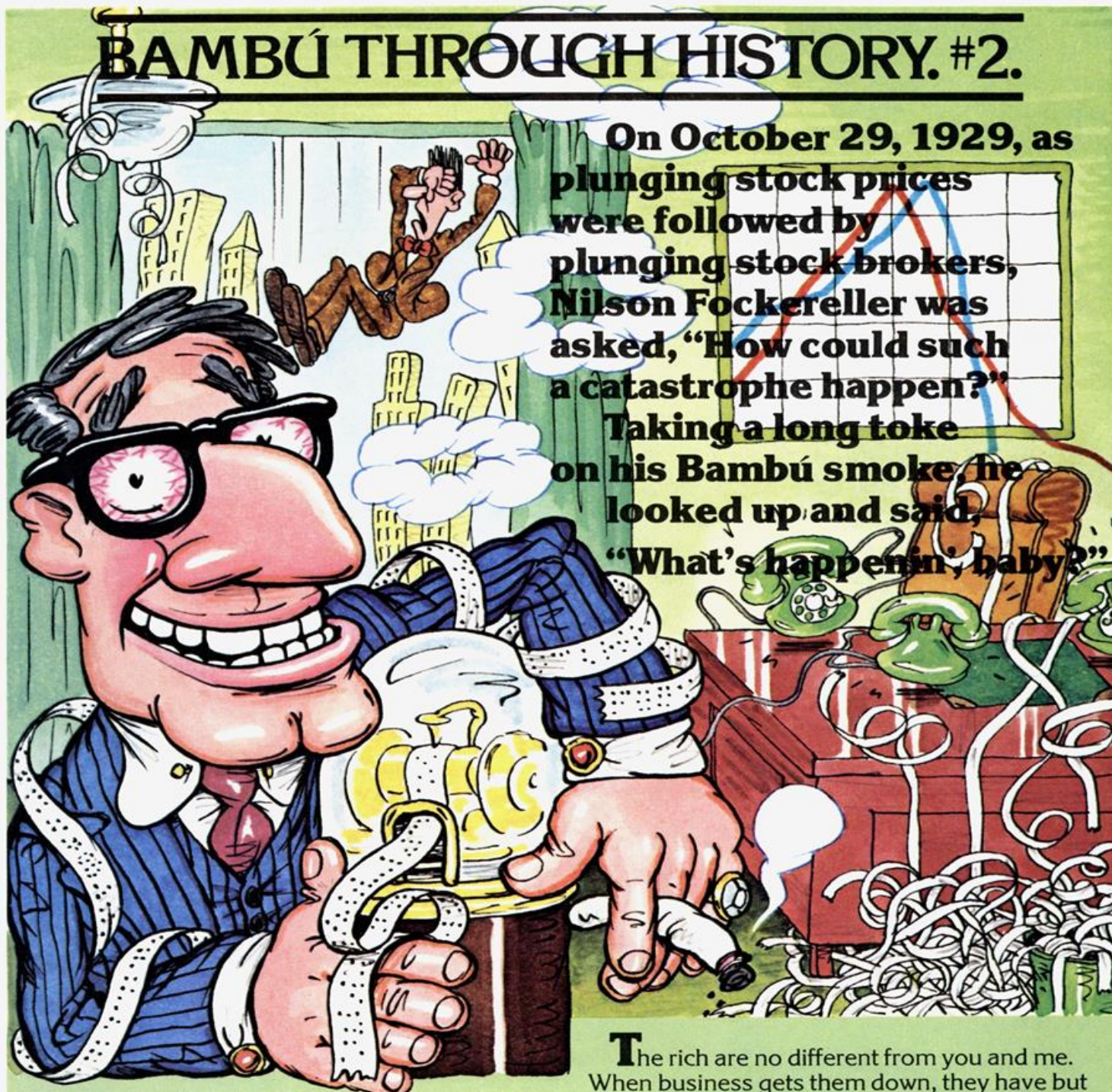
business itself is merely a form of organized crime and that his victims are at least willing—and often eager—to be fleeced.

In his tetralogy, Tinker reveals how societal masochism may be exploited by the individual entrepreneur providing, as Hot Ralph also suggests, that the aspiring con artist has first read *The New Paper Trip* to ensure mastery of the crucial area of identification. Once that is taken care of, Tinker takes us on a wonderfully amusing tour of the thousands of frauds that are still perpetrated daily on millions of fools and the billions of dollars that are separated from them. Tinker elaborates on all the essential details of false-contractor ripoffs, the badger game, lonely-hearts operators, marriage counseling and sex clinic scams, false credit card applications, free travel scams, the pocketbook drop, the bank examiner swindle, three-card monte, the Spanish prisoner swindle, poker bunko, gypsy hoaxes, gambling systems, the box game, mental telepathy bets, the flop racket, charity cheats, phony COD schemes, selling rented cars, the gopher game, airline ticket pitches, the good old Murphy game and refined new Murphy games, labor confidence rackets, carnival games and pitch setups, Avis and Hertz frauds and many other dubious means to rip off banks, hotels, airlines, widows and orphans.

An incredibly useful Eden Press title is **Credit!** (\$7.95), whose main service is an infallible method for obtaining a AAA credit rating in 30 days, even if you've just gone bankrupt. Eden also offers a wide range of books explaining actual techniques of lock picking and advanced guerrilla warfare. They even offer a number of books telling you how to actually work (a little) for a living. Perhaps their most interesting title, however, is a little 87-page volume called **We Never Went to the Moon!—America's Thirty Billion Dollar Swindle** (\$5.95), in which author Bill Kaysing asks, "Why is it that NASA's Apollo records are not classified, but also not available to the general public? Why did so many astronauts end up as executives of large corporations? Why did the astronauts so often refer to the 'unreality' of events? Was it because the events really were unreal? Why was Apollo VI, a total fiasco, followed by six perfect moon missions, which in turn were followed by the manned orbiting lab debacle? Why were the moon rocks rushed to Switzerland right after they landed? What proof do we have that they are actually rocks from the moon?" These and other intriguing mysteries make *We Never Went to the Moon* compulsive reading. As Kaysing points out, at the very least he has as much evidence that we didn't go to the moon as NASA has that we did.

There's only one word to describe the kind of publishing the Eden Press does: outrageous. Check them out today. ☐

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Cocaine Factories' Output Soars to All-Time High

by A. Craig Copetas

LIMA, PERU—An all-time record 88,000 pounds of Peruvian flake cocaine will be produced from some 8 million kilos of coca leaves grown in San Martin state by the end of 1977, according to reliable sources here.

The National Coca Authority of Peru (ENACO), a private corporation that oversees the country's booming legal exportation of coca leaves, is expected to harvest well over 10 million kilos of the large green Peruvian leaf for domestic consumption and overseas sale. This year's legal and illegal harvests come in the wake of Peru's refusal to enforce the 1961 United Nations Single Convention Treaty, which was supposed to reduce coca production by 10 percent a year.

"The coca law would enforce the reduction of coca production to the level necessary for the internal market," argued Dr. Roger Barramtes, director of the health ministry's narcotics squad. "We just don't have the money to carry out such a project."

ENACO representative Gonzalo Libaque Vallanueva, a harsh critic of U.S. attempts to outlaw one of Peru's few profitable industries, was also angry. "If the United States

wants eradication of coca, the finance will have to come from the United States," he said.

The last attempt at legislation against Peruvian coca was so disastrous that it is remembered with obvious embarrassment by experts. Passed in 1964 under pressure from the U.S., the law adopted the Single Convention's 10-percent reduction provision. However, total lack of enforcement made the law a laughing stock, and it was soon annulled.



Peruvian coca farmers (above) nibble at their produce. A bag of prime coca leaves (below) sells for about 25 cents American.

"It's not only the peasants who depend on coca for income, but the intermediaries, the retailers and the transporters," said Libaque. "It's a major source of employment."

The bulk of ENACO-grown coca used for domestic consumption is grown in the Cusco region, while the Cajamarca and Trujillo areas provide coca leaves for legal export. The majority of coca leaves used to make the much-sought Peruvian Flake is grown on the western side of the Rio Hulla in San Martin state. The Rio Hulla fields are also close to the Rio Marañon, an Amazon tributary that provides a convenient water route to Colom-



bia's jungle smuggling port of Leticia. The Peruvian leaf, which is large and sweet to the taste, sells for 50 American cents a pound.

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AMSTERDAM—In the space of two days, more than 3,000 kilos of hashish were washed up on south Holland and north Belgian beaches. The hash, plastic-wrapped in 1,200-gram packets and valued at \$650 per kilo, was first discovered by a German bather.

According to J. Burgler, head of the Rijkspolice investigating unit, the "yellow Lebanese" was probably lost during the transfer of the hash to a smaller ship outside Holland's territorial waters. However, the possibility that it was jettisoned when the receiver of the goods failed to show up has not been ruled out.

Although the police claim the

hashish was adversely affected by the salt water, they feel it's not unlikely that some packets were kept by beachcombers who stumbled onto them.

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Star Witness Norman Mailer No Help: Canadian Supersmuggler Gets 14 Years

by Richard Stratton

BRAMPTON, ONTARIO—Robert "Flower" Rowbotham is an upstanding citizen, and the efforts of the Canadian government to lock him up are tantamount to bad karma, an emotional Norman Mailer told Judge Stephen Borins here recently. The judge disagreed and sentenced Rowbotham to 14 years for conspiracy to import one ton of Lebanese hash into Canada. The sensational trial was the bitter end of the government's long battle to put Rowbotham, Canada's most successful hash smuggler, behind bars.

The judge responded, "It is really disgusting to contemplate the degradation and ruination that might have been visited upon hundreds of persons in this country had the conspiracy succeeded."

The exchange between Judge Borins and the self-confessed marijuana martyr climaxed a sensational seven-month trial that attracted national attention as a showcase for

Royal Canadian Mounted Police excesses.

Rowbotham and four others were charged with conspiracy to import, conspiracy to traffic and



Judge ho-hums Mailer's pitch for armies of the high.

conspiracy to possess for the purpose of trafficking. Only Rowbotham chose to fight the charges. In the three years it took for the case to get to court, Rowbotham was arrested several more times and finally held without bail for ten months for allegedly selling half a liter of hash oil to an undercover RCMP narc.

There were heavy political overtones to the trial. The RCMP, whose tactics and power have been criticized in some Canadian circles recently, were out to justify the millions they said they spent trying to crack the Rowbotham family. Novelist Norman Mailer, a friend of Flower's since they met and

partied together one Labor Day weekend in Maine, testified he believed the energy the government expended trying to crush Rowbotham and other pot offenders was creating bad karma.

Throughout, Flower maintained he was set up. The oil, he said, was an RCMP plant. RCMP overkill and blunders, illegal wiretap evidence and glaring discrepancies in mounties' testimonies weakened the prosecution's case. The jury returned a split decision. The panel rejected the Government's position that Rowbotham masterminded the scheme, but found him guilty of conspiracy to import by encouraging David Cripps, a Rowbotham associate and codefendant. Cripps pleaded guilty to the charges and is serving a seven-year sentence.

"If I put just one dent in the law or in people's minds, just one little dent, I have won," Flower told Judge Borins.

"You have challenged the administration of justice and will again," said the judge, and because Rowbotham admitted he could not be rehabilitated, the bench gave him 14 years to think it over.

"Decrim Now": Trudeau

Pot will soon be decriminalized in Canada, according to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. The long-anticipated decrim announcement came just one month before President Jimmy Carter announced a U.S. federal decrim proposal.

Though several Canadian government-sponsored studies had recommended decrim as long as seven years ago, it was just this year that bills began appearing in Parliament. Based on U.S. models, the proposals would impose civil fines for possessing small amounts, while retaining felony status for large amounts and trafficking. Jurisdiction over marijuana would be transferred from the criminal code to the food and drug act.

"Government policy is that if you have a joint and you're smoking it for your private pleasure, you



Trudeau: Someday I'll tell all.

shouldn't be hassled," Trudeau told a gathering of Young Liberals at the University of Toronto. He said the bill "hasn't had highest priority" in Parliament, but that prosecutors had been directed to "go easy" on persons busted for small amounts.

Asked if he ever smoked pot, Trudeau replied, "Do you mean inside or outside Canada?"

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Kentucky Growers Plan Legal Pot Crops

The small but audacious Kentucky Future Marijuana Growers' Association has a plan that would give the Bluegrass State a corner on the pot market when grass is legalized. The Future Growers formed about two years ago and surfaced nationally in ads in dope trade journals earlier this spring.

"The farmers in Kentucky can use marijuana as a cash crop now," says Gatewood Galbraith, 30, co-axis of the Future Growers. "The

question of changing the criminal laws as they apply to pot is essentially moot, the public has spoken and they want pot. The question now is, who will grow, regulate and distribute the pot," the lobbyist/attorney assayed.

"Too many people forget about the small farmer, the home grower, in the push for legal change," his partner, John Willard, added.

The two have traveled throughout the country seeking support for

their version of pot reform, which would put marijuana under the same legal auspices as carrots, onions and casaba melons, unlike current reform measures in Congress and those being touted by other reform groups that would have weed under a federal regula-

tory agency. They raise money in part by selling a poster of a stunning finger painting executed entirely under the influence of the Kentucky marijuana muse.

"This is the only way we can keep weed out of the hands of tobacco companies," insists Galbraith.

How the Yanks Lost the Pennant

Ignoring New York Yankees' owner George Steinbrenner's defense that pitcher Don Gullett "is a modern day Jack Armstrong," police confiscated 2,800 pounds of marijuana plants from a northeastern Kentucky farm owned by the pitching ace. No arrests were made.

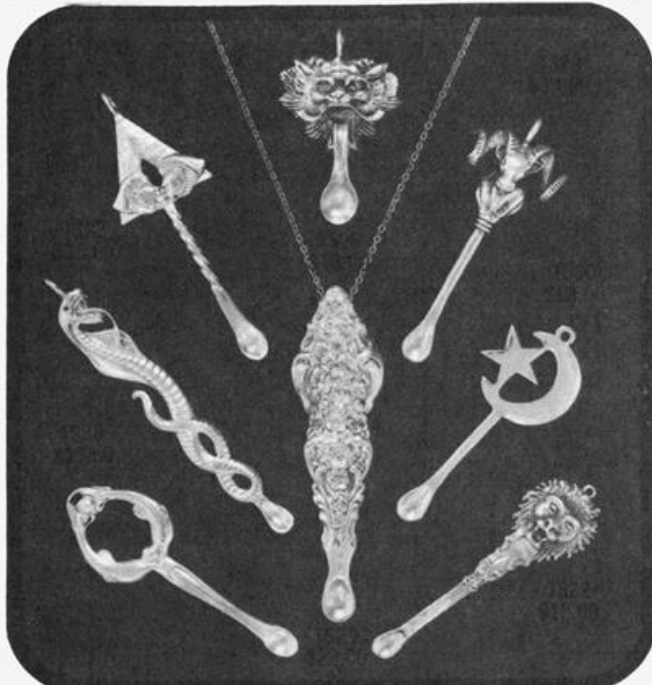
The 882 plants were growing in the middle of a two-acre cornfield in Lynn, Kentucky. Cops had been watching the crop for two months but were unable to catch anyone tending it. "When we first observed it, about June 6, the corn was six inches high and the marijuana was two or three feet high," explained Kentucky State Trooper Wayne K. Carter. By the time cops busted it the plants were as high as 12 feet.

In Anaheim, California, Stein-

brenner defended the sullied hurler: "Two years ago they found marijuana growing in the outfield of Anaheim Stadium and nobody blamed Gene Autrey."

7-Year High on Single J

Antimarijuana researchers never give up. Dr. Hardin Jones, professor of medical physics at the University of California at Berkeley, and his wife, who have previously claimed marijuana makes people violent and crazy, have released a new study. This one claims a single joint will make the smoker stoned for 1,515 to 2,500 days. That's about seven years.



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The New Mexican/Bob Ferguson

No smoking on the job: Karmic retribution befalls Santa Fe Police Chief of Detectives Alfred Lucero as he puts torch to confiscated pot. Gas flamed up, giving Buddhist monk effect.

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Narcs Sniff Out Dirty Dollars

In a new and potentially effective gambit by drug enforcement strategists, John J. Molitieri, a career narcotics officer now serving with U.S. Customs, has been deployed to Phoenix, Arizona, along with a DEA currency expert, to track down "criminal organizations" by investigating the sources and destinations of money used in illegal transactions.

The "dirty" or "laundered" funds narcs track are bills that are seized in raids, shakedowns and planted busts and are traced to their sources to establish that a suspect had dealings in a particular place. Paper currency is sent out of Federal Reserve banks to branch banks for dispersal, with serial numbers, dates and amounts duly recorded. Money experts also monitor the flow of cash in and out of the country in watching for laundered-money operations and other scams.

"Criminals are like anybody else—they like to enjoy their money in resort areas," Molitieri explained to reporters. The Phoenix-Tucson axis is filled with illegitimate operations, many of

them based in Scottsdale, according to investigators.

In the wake of the murder of investigative reporter Don Bolles last year, 24 large smuggling operations with bases in Phoenix, Tucson and environs were uncovered. Most officials discount any Mafia influence. "Organized crime doesn't necessarily mean Mafia. It doesn't mean your name ends in a vowel," said Molitieri.

Cons Raid Prison Weedhouse

The Williamson County, North Carolina, sheriff's department is looking for a new place to stow busted stash after prisoners smoked up part of 4.5 pounds of marijuana stored in a prison workhouse. The weed was seized from two men a day earlier. A source said the pot was taken from a deputy's office or evidence locker and smoked at the county jail. Authorities have no idea as to who took or smoked the evidence.



Ken Landgraf

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Gave Pot to Friend

Gets Life for 4 Lids

A 26-year-old Vietnam veteran has been sentenced to life in prison for freely giving an undetermined amount of marijuana to a 16-year-old student in Hawthorne, Nevada.

George Picard was sentenced under Nevada's Draconian marijuana laws which equate marijuana with heroin and hold a life sentence with the possibility of parole in seven years.

When Picard appeared for sentencing before Judge William Beko

last July, his attorney, Fred Atcheson, made a strong plea for probation. Atcheson stated he believed the legislature did not intend for the severe mandatory sentence to be imposed upon a person faced with a first felony conviction. Judge Beko said that although Picard could be paroled immediately, the state parole office had recommended against it. Picard was handed the life sentence.

Details surrounding the case are

sketchy. Court documents do not state the amount of marijuana allegedly given to the unnamed student. However, sources in Nevada claim that four lids were involved over a period of a few months, and that no money changed hands during the alleged meetings.

The warden of the Carson City prison refused *High Times* permis-

sion to speak with Picard, stating that any interview "would not benefit the man."

Defense counsel Atcheson intends to appeal the sentence to the state supreme court and has asked for the help of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) in preparing for the appeal.



If you're wondering where the yellow went, here's your answer. Federales in Guerrero State, Mexico, have launched a drive against the spindly, golden superpot of the region. This field got the match 100 kilometers north of Acapulco.

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New York's highest court has ruled that citizen's band radio broadcasters cannot be prosecuted for warning each other of the presence of the police. The New York Court of Appeals overturned the conviction of a man for warning a driver by CB radio of the location of a radar speed checkpoint, ruling in effect that people who want to evade the

police or keep associates aware of police positions cannot be prosecuted for the technological pinpointing. Three judges on the seven-man panel dissented, claiming that the ruling would allow miscreants to "tip-off would-be muggers that the old and ailing man in civilian clothes is in reality an undercover police officer."



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Pot Foe Beats Decrim Rep

A Michigan legislator opposed to a marijuana decrim bill because she believes it makes people hostile attacked the sponsor of the bill on the Michigan House floor during debate, swinging an ashtray at him and pounding him with her fists. Representative Rosetta Ferguson of Detroit unleashed the goon tactics against fellow Democrat Perry Bullard of Ann Arbor, following a speech by Detroit Representative Matthew McNeely, who claimed marijuana had made his son "an enraged individual" and led to his use of heroin, which eventually killed him.

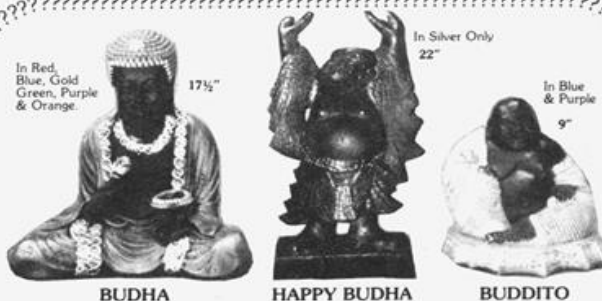
Prior to the tearjerker speech, the decrim bill had squeaked by on a 55-52 vote. After McNeely's speech, the vote was reconsidered and defeated, 53-48.

Ferguson attacked Bullard after he called her a liar. Screaming "You pot smoker. You had a picture made smoking pot," Ferguson beat on Bullard until sergeants-at-arms and other legislators tore her away.

"I saw, red, white and blue," she said afterward. Bullard's response: "It's because she's an extremely ignorant person."

Chip Flees 6-Ton Bust

Secret Service agents spirited Chip Carter and his family away from a secluded beach area moments before a six-ton reefer bust in Panama, Florida. The Carter family was staying in a summer house at Mexico Beach when the S.S. was tipped to the impending bust. Eighteen persons were arrested moments later in a cottage a few hundred yards from the Carter house. They had been observed unloading about six tons of pot from a sailboat. Officials would not comment on whether the Carter family knew any of their alleged smuggling neighbors.



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The Coast Guard Cutter *Dauntless* continues adding marijuana leaves to its smokestack as its reputation grows as the bustingest boat on the high seas. Swooping down in the early dawn, the *Dauntless* seized the Colombian-registered *Maria Victoria*, lurking in waters in the southern Bahamas near Great Abaca Island. The ship, flying no flag, was towed to Miami with eight crewmen aboard.

The *Dauntless* has busted nearly

100 tons in the last three years, including loads on the *Royono*, the *Kaki* and the legendary *Night Train*, taken with 54 tons in its hold. Many seizures have occurred in international waters, where smuggling ships await shuttles from the Florida coast. Crews busted outside territorial waters are frequently released after the contraband is unloaded, but the disposition of the *Maria Victoria* sailors was not immediately known.



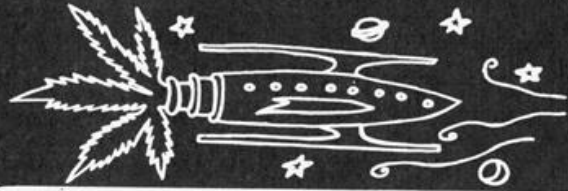
We don't allow no pot farms in Texas County, according to Sheriff Andy Johnson (left), and his two deputies, displaying evil weed seized in Missouri cornfields. Show Me State is expecting bumper pot crop this fall.

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Self-Health

by Gary Stimeling

The United States has more doctors making more money than any other nation in the world. As their patients die later but live sicker, however, the wealthy and priestly whitecoat is found to have a stethoscope of clay. Four Harvard medical professors have reported that 25 million operations last year may have been unnecessary. Bizarre side effects of common drugs surface every day, and patient after patient finds the pills worse than the disease, or at best a palliate mask that wears off after the initial pharmaceutical investment.

Millions are storming out of waiting rooms and adopting herbal, yogic, nutritional, iridologic, cosmic, chiropractic, ionic, reflexive and psychic therapies. There are many variations on the shiatzu, acupressure, foot reflexology and chiropractic themes—all seek to normalize nerve/electric energy throughout the body, chiropractic with the emphasis on spinal nerves. Herbs are more popular than at any time since the last witch slaughter of the seventeenth century. Garlic alone has been implicated in cures of staph, strep, dysentery, typhus, cholera, tuberculosis, sore throat, high cholesterol and high blood pressure. Even the National Cancer Institute is interested. Warning: May be hermit forming. If loneliness develops, discontinue use and consult an oracle.

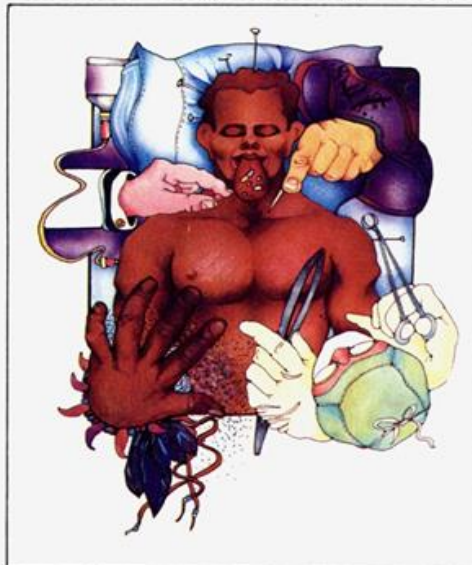
No longer is going to the doctor something you put off till the eleventh hour. Though much of the boom must be traced to the letdown of the flaccid, hibernating Seventies, which has caused such a run on gurus, many people who aren't deathly ill are going simply because they want to function at their peak.

Out-and-out quacks are few because folks are demanding results and competition is intense. Health is becoming a basic right, subject to the same "outside agitation" as all the others. The phenomenon of New York's famous Dr. La Verne and his \$5,000 magic gas treatments (carbon dioxide inhalations to flush out the brain) is a rarity. Many tread a thin line, though. They deal in techniques that can be considered either superstition or meta-science, depending on your philosophy and what you can accept. These include

Kirlian aura readers and a gamut of faith healers from Oral Roberts-style tent shows to believe-it-or-not, no-shit cases such as those witnessed by thousands at last summer's Rainbow gathering in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.

Overcharging is about as common as in any profession, especially in health food stores. You can get an 89-cent bottle of Perrier for \$1.29 in many nature shops. Beware of the "organic compounds derived from nature" pitch. When you go for that wonderful health junk food (Tiger's Milk bars, 40-flavor fruit-seed chew, etc.), you should at least know that "natural turbinado sugar" is just white sugar colored with a little molasses. Raw sugar is illegal in the United States.

Most of the folk methods have some merit, especially as they enable you to hear your body better. But neither is Western medicine a total loss. Amid the collapsing debris of million-dollar-a-minute hospital rooms and carcinogenic cures, there emerges a new type of M.D.



Linda Harris

Not content to see eternal salvation in this or that semi-idolized panacea, they're salvaging what works from the AMA-Blue Cross monolith, combining it with all the new and used folk tactics and trying to get it to those who need it—you with your prematurely graying yaws and your friend with polymer pneumonia ("sub-way lung").

So, how do you choose a doctor?

Exercise and constructive food are two physical keys to happiness, though many new healers try to treat the much more difficult third prerequisite—social/sexual/creative satisfaction. Any professed medic must give great importance to these foundations. If not, look elsewhere. If you have trouble finding a holistic practitioner in your area, two sources can refer you to one anywhere in the country: The International Academy of Preventive Medicine, 10409 Town and Country Way, Suite 200, Houston, Texas 77024 and Alan Pressman, President, Council on Nutrition, Ameri-

can Chiropractic Association, 31 Washington Square West, N.Y. 10012.

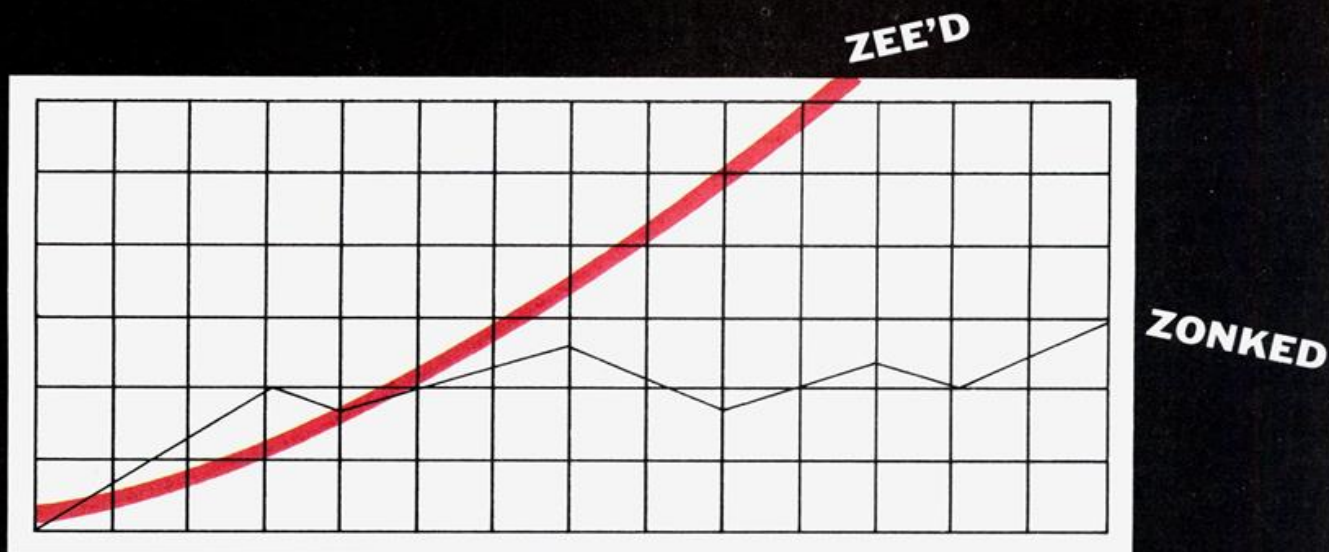
Professionals vary in assessment of specific foods, but all agree on two rules: Eat it raw, and eat it real. Most say over half to three-fourths of your mouth filler should be fresh fruit and vegetables. Lay off most habitual sugar and starch (even the carob brownies). Try to avoid additives, but that's a whole other story. As for exercise, the only essential is some sustained cardiovascular workout at least four days a week, 10 to 30 minutes each, depending how strenuous. This can include running, cycling, swimming, basketball, soccer, hiking or balling (but only if it's fabulous). Options like yoga or weight lifting will keep you loose or build skeletal muscles, but don't give that air-blood rush.

All the bean sprouts, spinal alignments and aura awareness are great for gradually regaining health, but what do you do when your throat suddenly turns into sandpaper or unidentified purple blotches infest your skin?

Several groups have been founded in recent years to cut through the Greek jargon, reconnect concerned doctors with patients and let people learn to take charge of the day-to-day business of their own well-being. Medical Self-Care Magazine, for example, runs regular features on how to take blood pressure or listen to a friend's lungs. The best popular medical guides are reviewed, like the *Well Body Book*, *Barefoot Doctor's Manual*, *How to Be Your Own Doctor (Sometimes)*, *Rolling Thunder* and, of course, *Work Is Dangerous to Your Health*. Tom Ferguson, M.D., a Yale Medical School graduate, edits it between stints as an intern and providing free service at the Haight-Ashbury (remember Haight-Ashbury?) clinic. He shows how to gain access to medical literature and understand it, where to get basic equipment and how to shop for a good doctor when you get in over your head. The quarterly, available for \$7 a year at Box 718, Inverness, Ca. 94937, also provides fact sheets on request for specific medical problems.

Arthur Levin, author of *Talk Back to Your Doctor*, directs a similar concern, the Center for Medical Consumers and Health Care Information (410 East 62 St., New York, N.Y. 10021). It provides paramedical workshops, self-care courses, a lay medical library, Health Facts newsletter and a phone-library of tapes, all for \$5.

Whatever you want, it's getting easier to find it as even courts begin to recognize the validity of alternative therapy. Oakland Municipal Court recently acquitted holistic practitioner Dana Ullman on charges of practicing medicine without a license. The case, brought by an undercover cop whom Ullman had told how to fight a cold without antibiotics, established the first legal precedent allowing non-M.D. medics to function as doctors as long as they don't make false claims. ■



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Wide World

Ari was a wartime Walter Raleigh.

What did you do in the war, **Ari**? According to **Onassis'** unauthorized biographer **Frank Brady** (whose book on Hugh Hefner suggested that Hef forced Bunnies to make it with doggies), the Greek shipping magnate apparently got his start during World War II by exporting tobacco from Turkey to Brazil. "He changed the smoking habits of a nation," says Brady.



Wide World

Marilyn claims sex and violence passé.

Sex is on the way out, according to **Marilyn Chambers**, who gave up her career as a vaudeporn headliner to make *Rabid*, an all-star gore war. Violence is out now, too, Ms. Chambers currently opines, and sports and thrills are back. Nothing is less thrilling than sex and violence, say experts on hipness in confirmation of Chambers' findings. Marilyn's next epic is *Stuntman*, in which she does her own stunts but is actually a woman—as usual.



That's Not Funny, That's Sick, the third **National Lampoon**-inspired stage revue in five years, goes on the road this month. If it's a hit, the show will reach Broadway in December. As usual, the cast is composed entirely of unknowns.

The new National Lampoon show is a swinging satire.

Wide World

Mac in the USSR: **Fleetwood Mac** will be the second U.S. band to tour Russia, where rock music is used by KGB brain police to torture Tchaikovsky-loving dissidents. F.M. follows the Nitty-Gritty Dirt Band into Leninland bookings, having

beaten America, Chicago and the Beach Boys for Kremlin clearance.



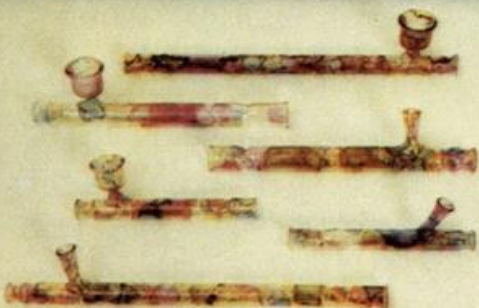
Wide World

The F.M.-Bomb will melt Russian hearts, leave stage intact.

Philadelphia Phillies pitcher and syndicated cartoonist **Tug McGraw** was recently asked if he preferred Astroturf to real grass. "I dunno," said McGraw, "I never smoked Astroturf."

Carlos Castaneda has refused **Bill Graham**'s offer to produce a rock opera based on *The Teachings of Don Juan*. Graham recently received a tape of the opera from two New Yorkers who composed it without permission. "It hit me, it hit me hard," Graham reportedly said. "I don't know if I'll ever be able to produce it—Castaneda has absolutely refused to license anything based on his writings. He won't even discuss it. But I'll keep trying." □

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Interview



Robert Crumb has changed America. He and his underground cartoonist colleagues transformed a minor medium into a major art form. He charted the hallucinations and revelations of a million acid trips. He gave us Mr. Natural, Angelfood McSpade, Flakey Foont, Mr. Snoid, Honeybunch Kaminski, Lenore Goldberg, Fritz the Cat, "Stoned Again" and "Keep On Truckin'" and a host of other characters more real to many people than they are to themselves. He wrote the Great American Novel in comic-book format a dozen times and made us realize that our lives were controlled by talking toilet bowls and black blues singers who died 30 years ago. He created a uniquely recognizable visual style in modern art and put it in the service of the revolution. He became America's last living celebrity who wouldn't sell out.

In recent years, Crumb's work has become more dense and psychological than ever before, exorcising the demons of his bitter childhood, failed marriage and private life for an audience that sees itself in Crumb's most painful and personal visions. As the intensity of his work has grown, he has published fewer strips and devoted more time to his band, the Cheap Suit Serenaders. Now Crumb publishes only rarely, yet he has become an American Dostoevsky, whose every statement commands spellbound attention. And, of course, every performance remains outrageously funny.

Crumb once said, "From the bedroom closet I operate a huge network of radios, sending out incantations, curses, voodoo hoodoo. I've been called an evil genius by cities of assholes, but I know who these people are, and they're on my list. You might say I'm a mad scientist, for my plans have all been worked out quite methodically...logically...but the ends justify the means, heh heh. These comic books are part of that plan.

"I know the bastards are out to get me because I bring you the truth! And the truth is the one thing these bastards can't tolerate! I only hope to God I am able to complete my mission on this planet before they succeed in exterminating me!"

Fortunately, the great Crumbum is still working. Still talking. And still telling the truth.

HIGH TIMES

INTERVIEWS

R. CRUMB

By R. Crumb

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UHH, SHOULD I CALL YOU "R", "ROBERT", "BOB" OR WHAT? WHAT DO PEOPLE USUALLY CALL YOU?

YOU CAN CALL ME "MR. CRUMB"... LET'S KEEP IT FORMAL...



AAH HA HA...
ALRITE!!
AHA AHA...
OKAY, BOB!
AHA...

WHAT A WISEGUY!!

?



BOB, YOU'RE KNOWN AS A RECLUSIVE KIND OF A DUDE... SOME ONE WHO RARELY GIVES INTERVIEWS OR MAKES PUBLIC APPEARANCES... WHY, THEN, HAVE YOU CONSENTED TO THIS INTERVIEW WITH "HIGH TIMES"?

I NEED THE MONEY... SEE, I OWE THE I.R.S. THIRTY-THOUSAND DOLLARS... I'M TRYING TO GET THE MONEY TOGETHER TO PAY IT OFF...



OH AHA HA HA...
REALLY? THAT'S
A TOUGH SPOT,
MAN!!

YOU'RE NOT
KIDDING!
WHY, I —

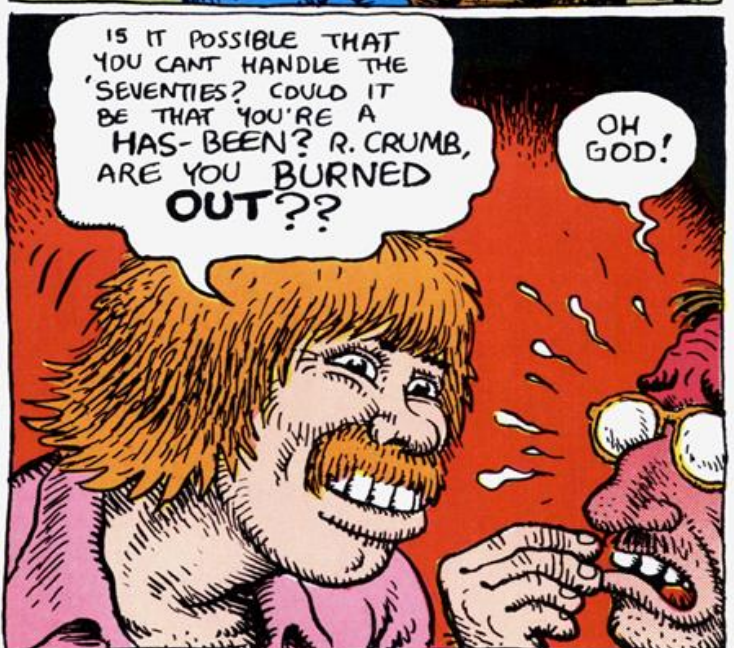
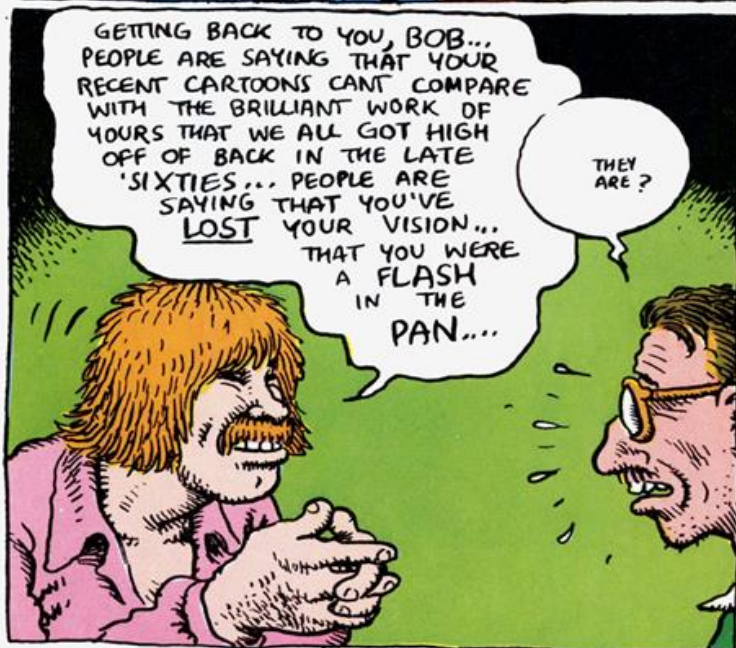
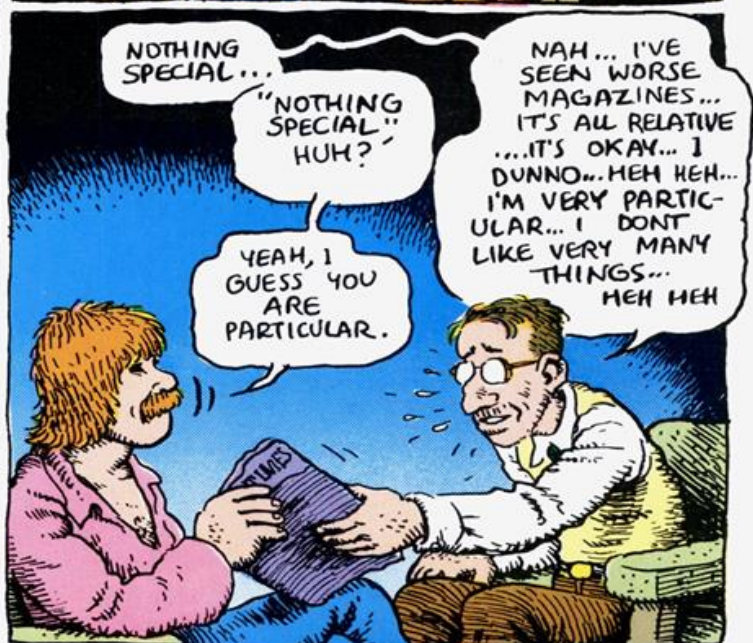
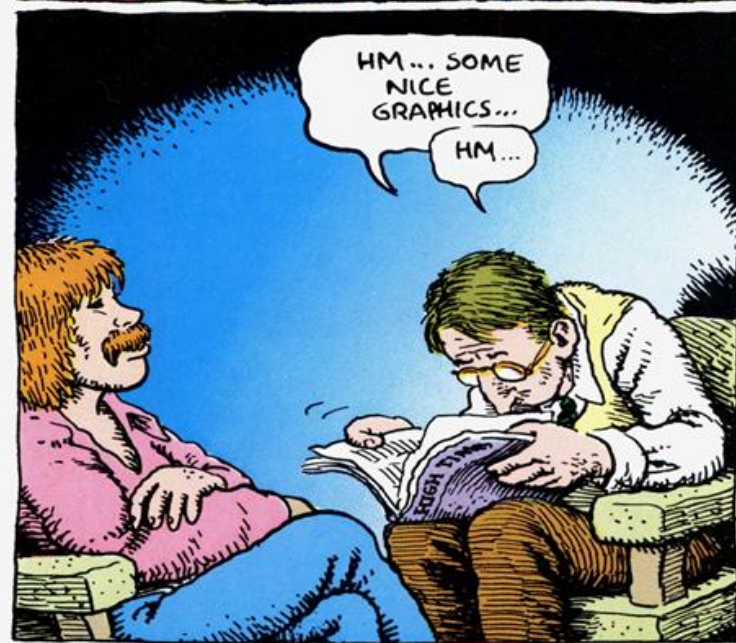
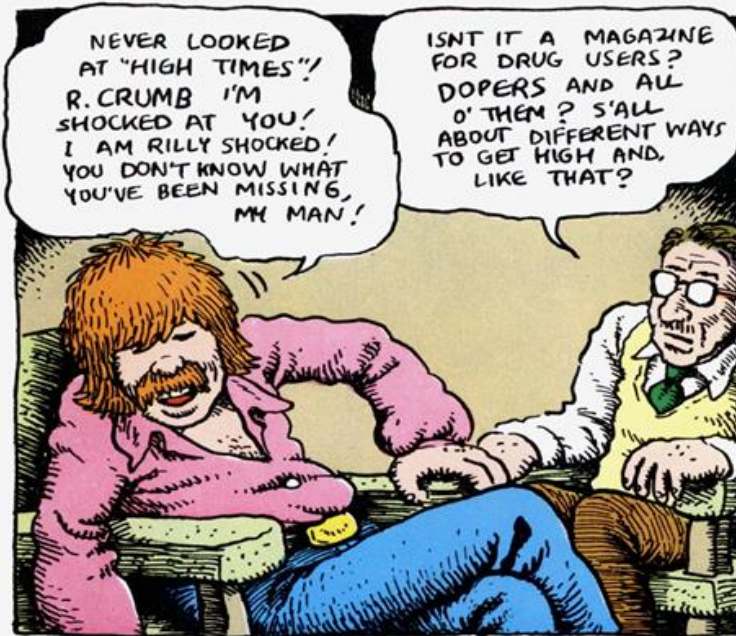
BUT, LET ME
ASK YOU SOME-
THING, BOB

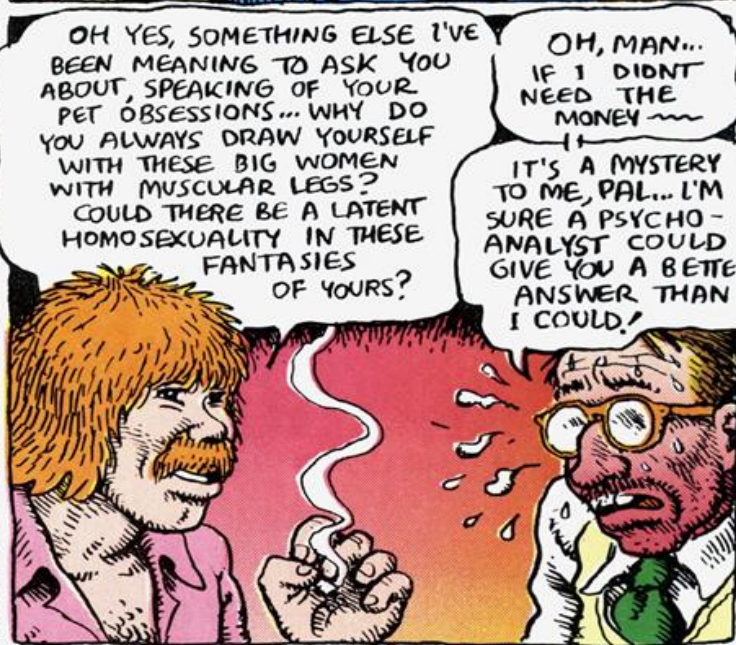
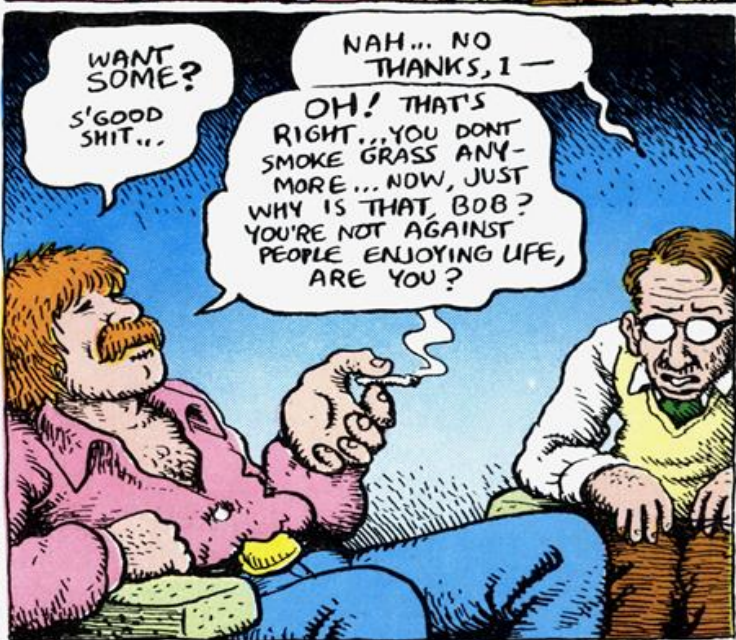
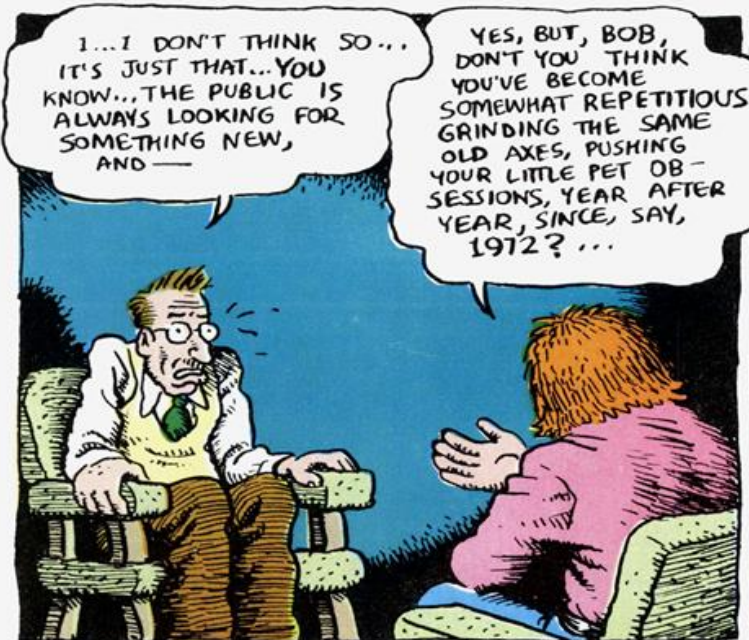


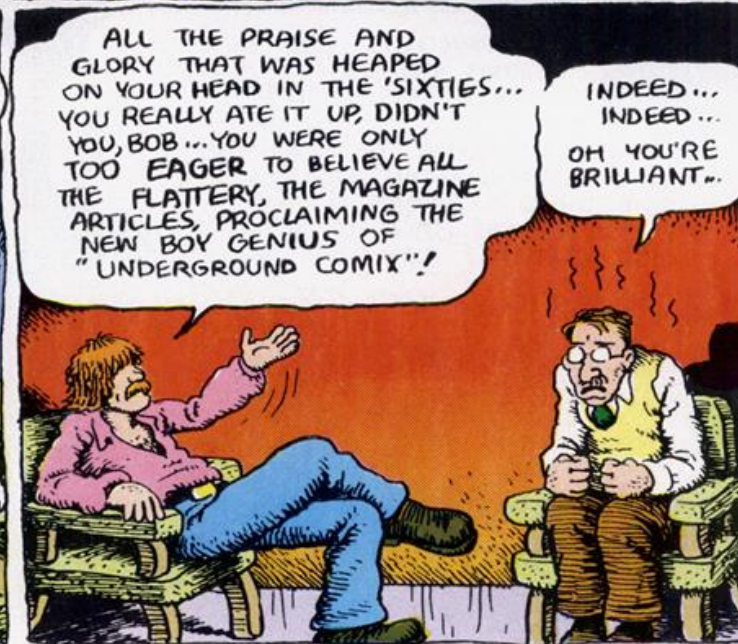
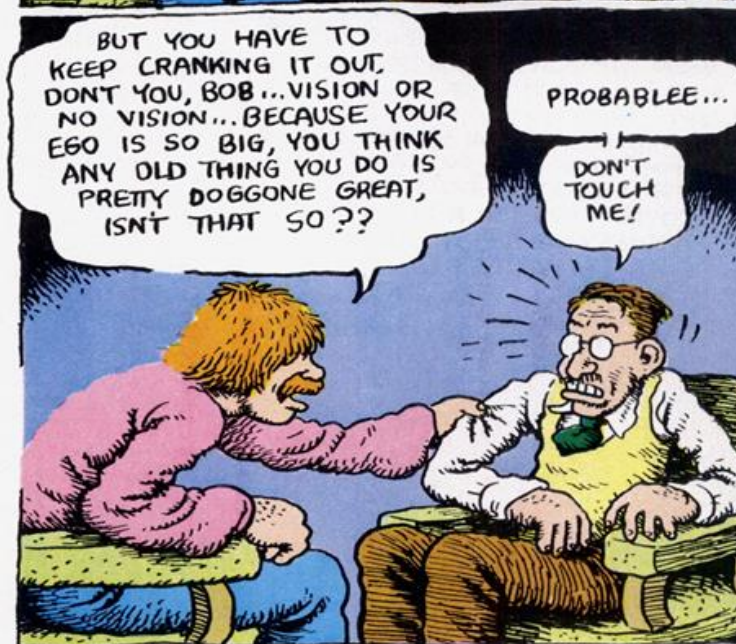
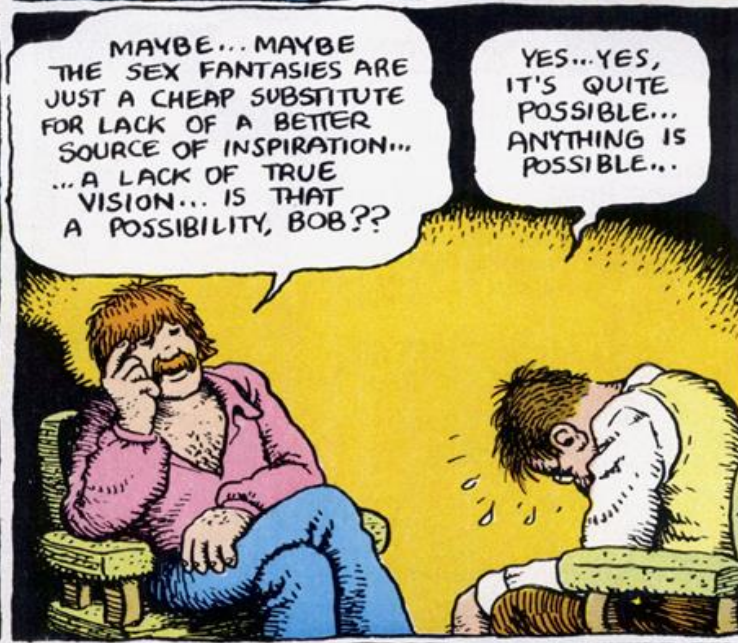
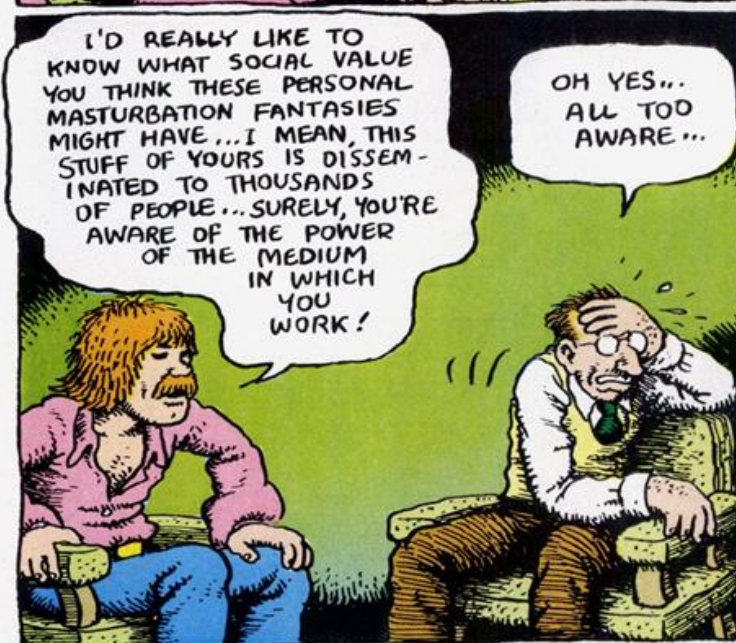
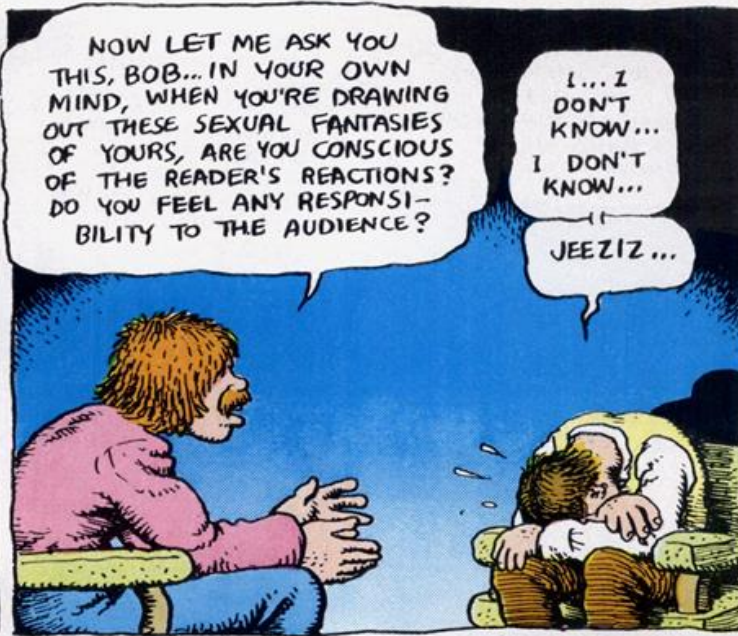
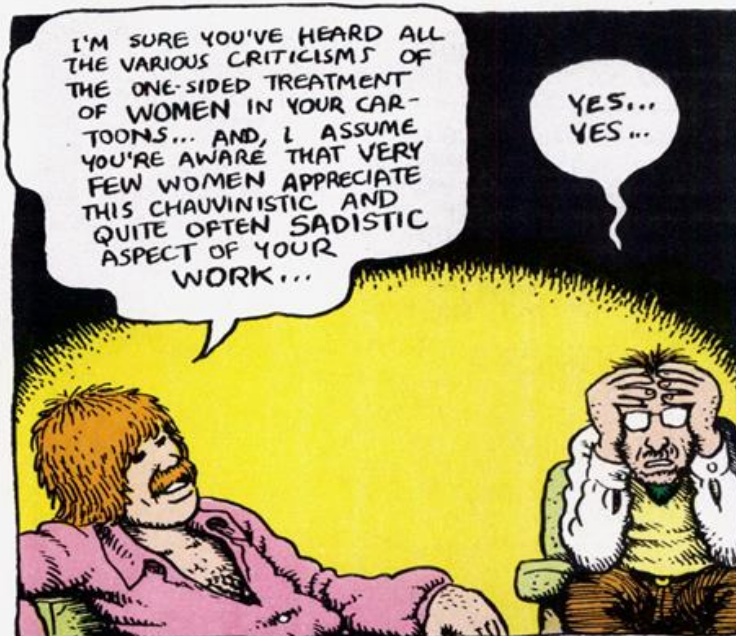
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TIMES"... I MEAN,
AS A MAGAZINE...
WHAT'S YOUR
OPINION OF IT?

"HIGH TIMES"? I... UH...
I'VE NEVER SEEN IT...
OH, I'VE SEEN IT ON
THE NEWSTANDS BUT
I'VE NEVER LOOKED AT
IT... SO, I REALLY
HAVE NO OPINION OF
IT... NOW, ABOUT MY
DEBT TO THE I.R.S.,
I —





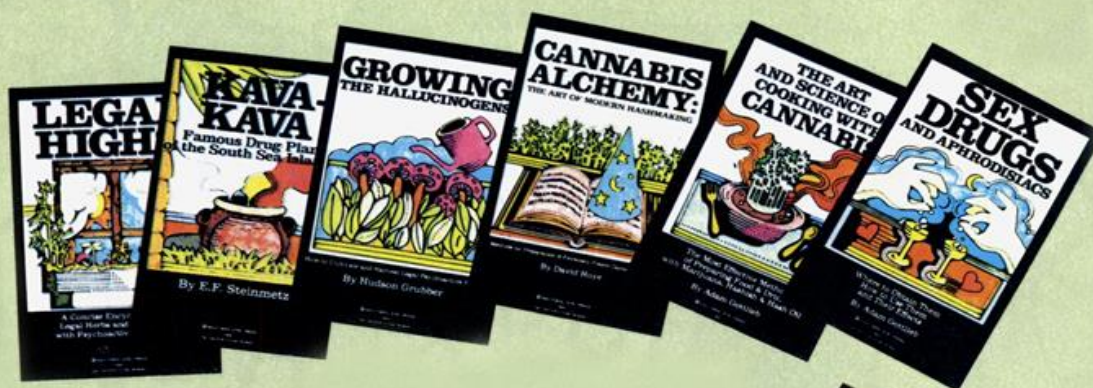






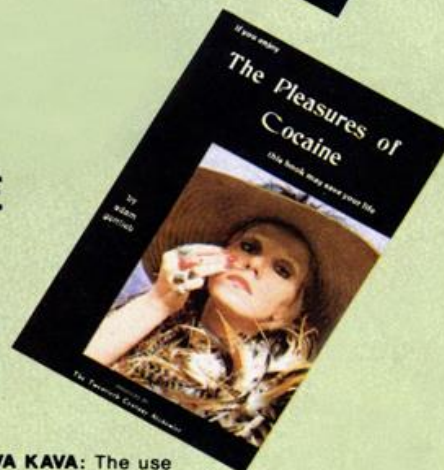
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Three Pillars of Islam

*T*here is One True Faith, based on the Three Pillars: hashish, marijuana, opium. So say the True Believers, and they ought to know.

At night on the desert, when the camels lie down in their caravan lines, sheiks feast under the oasis palms and pipes are filled and pipes are passed. Sweet clouds of perfumed pot and poppy fill the air; hashish embers burn more brightly than the stars. Then the East dreams, and in dreaming, knows not

whether it dreams or wakes, amid palaces more splendid than the sun and harems gaudy as King Solomon's mines.

Sheiks and sultans travel on, stoned forever in the trackless sands; only the Three Pillars stand to mark the flying carpets of the dreamers. Holy hashish, subtle weed, black opium that rules the night. If an infidel gazes on them, 'tis written, he or she shall die. You looked? Too bad, sahib. There is only one God, and Allah is her name. ☐



Black Opium



Thai Sticks



Nepalese Hash Fingers



Transsexual Sinsemilla



Turkish Hash

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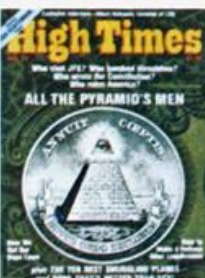
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A stylized illustration of a man in a light-colored pinstriped suit and a patterned tie, playing a clarinet. He is standing in front of several tall palm trees against a blue sky. The man has a slight smile and is looking towards the viewer. The illustration is done in a classic, somewhat caricatured style with bold outlines and flat colors.

The Mighty Mezz

**"Dreamed about a reefer
5-foot long,
The mighty mezz, but not too
strong"**

It's a wise child that knows its own father. It's a dumb generation that not only doesn't know its real fathers but acts as if it didn't have any fathers—just avatars, reincarnations, previous existences and all that mystic bullshit. Frankly, it's always pissed me off, pious soul that I am, to think that this generation, which stands so obviously on the shoulders of the past, is so stupid and arrogant as to believe that it is self-created or born out of the hollow breath of some

holy man in Benares or some dreadlock in Jamaica or some bald old beat poet suffering from verbal diarrhea and delusions of saintliness.

The fact is that the whole counterculture was not so much invented as discovered by the heroes of the Sixties. The people who created most of it—and paid the price for doing so—lived long before the days of Dylan. Not only were they the Columbuses of this brave new world, they were often the ones who lived it the hardest, dug it the fullest and left the most beautiful, imperishable records of what it's all about.

No West Coast hippie high on Sunshine ever had drug dreams that could cap the visions of Thomas De Quincey; no rock musician ever played harder—in every sense of the word—than Charlie Parker; no camp follower of Janis Joplin—or even Janis herself—could match the biggest, toughest, soufulest momma of them all, Bessie Smith. It's a wise child that knows its own father—and a wise generation that knows its progenitors.

Take the whole business of dope smoking and dope dealing and the culture of marijuana. Where did it all begin? Who was the pioneer, the prophet, the Johnny Appleseed of weed? Well, he sure wasn't some unheard-of, tenth-rate, nineteenth-century writer like Fitz Hugh Ludlow or some obscure migrant with a can of grefa in his kicks or even a spivey-looking playground pusher out of the pulp fiction fantasies of the late but unlamented Harry Jacob Anslinger.

No, my dears, your father was a wonderful man, a real American: He was born of immigrant Jewish parents in Chicago, as he always liked to say, "on a windy night in 1899, along with the twentieth century." He grew up in a tough ghetto, working around the edges of the Prohibition-era



rackets, needling beer for Al Capone and playing jazz saxophone in Syndicate road houses. He fell so madly in love with black people that he became the first white-Negro: he settled in Harlem in the early Thirties, where he divorced his white wife to marry a black woman and beget a black baby. He got so hooked on opium that for four years he did nothing but lie inside a tenement coal bin smoking hop and talking trash. Finally, he pulled himself together again and wrote the single most important book about the counterculture—*Really the Blues*. Yes, my dears, your father was a wonderful man. His name? Milton Mezzrow, better known as The Mezz.

Now, how did the Mezz come to dope, and how did he bring dope to America? To answer this question you have to wind your mind back to the Roaring Twenties, when plenty of Americans, from tough purple-shirted gangsters in Detroit to little old lacy ladies in Dubuque, were fucking around with all sorts of heavy drugs, ranging from opium and heroin to cocaine and chloral hydrate. About the only drug then in existence that Americans hadn't heard about or tasted was marijuana. "Muggles," as it was then called, was perfectly legal; but if you didn't have a

pipeline to Storyville, the old red-light district in New Orleans, you couldn't buy a stick of gauge for love or money. "Muta," or "Rosa Maria" as it was called down on the Texas border, was confined to two tiny elements in the population: Mexicans and the black or creole jazzmen of New Orleans. It might have taken many more years for the stuff to find its way north if the navy hadn't closed down Storyville during World War I, driving jazz and all its joyous ways up the Mississippi to Chicago, and thus planting dope right in the heartland of America.

Poppa Mezz first got turned on to weed in the men's room of a jazz joint outside Chicago. A dude handed him a cigarette rolled in brown, wheatstraw paper and told him: "You got to hold that muggle so it barely touches your lips, see, then draw in air around it. Say tfff, tfff, only breathe in when you say it. Then don't blow it out right away, you got to give that stuff a chance." The Mezz gave it a chance; he smoked that fat joint right down to the butt. Then he went back on the bandstand. What happened next is not only interesting but important, for it explains why marijuana was eventually adopted by the great majority of jazz musicians.

"The first thing I noticed," recalled Mezz, "was that I began to hear my saxophone as though it was inside my head, but I couldn't hear much of the band in back of me, although I knew they were there. All the other instruments sounded like they were way off in the distance; I got the same sensation you'd get if you stuffed your ears with cotton and talked out loud. Then I began to feel the vibrations of the reed much more pronounced against my lip, and my head buzzed like a loudspeaker. I found I was slurring much better and putting just the right feeling into my phrases—I was really coming on."

"All the notes came easing out of my horn like they'd already been made up, greased and stuffed into the bell, so all I had to do was blow a little and send them on their way, one right after the other, never missing, never behind time, all without an ounce of effort. With my loaded horn I could take all the fist-swinging, evil things in the world and bring them together in perfect harmony, spreading peace and joy and relaxation to keyed-up, punchy people everywhere."

Being an enthusiastic, ebullient, upbeat personality, the Mezz loved dope for the way it enhanced his senses, mellowed his mood and tickled his well-developed sense of humor. His description of the basic effects of dope is still as fresh today as when it was dictated 30 years ago:

"It's a funny thing about marijuana—when you first begin smoking it you see

things in a wonderful, soothing, easygoing new light. All of a sudden the world is stripped of its dirty gray shrouds and becomes one big bellyful of giggles, a special laugh, bathed in brilliant, sparkling colors that hit you like a heat-wave. All your pores open like funnels, your nerve ends stretch their mouths wide, hungry and thirsty for new sights and sounds and sensations; and every sensation, when it comes, is the most exciting one you've ever had."

Mezz split from Chicago when the local jazz scene began to fade as a result of the migration of musicians to New York, which was destined to become the jazz capital of the world. Finding himself in Harlem in the year 1930 with nothing in his pockets but some Prince Albert cans or Diamond Match boxes filled with grega from his Mexican connection in Chicago ("Little Pasquale used to sell his muggles six for a dollar but he gave us a cut-rate price, a tobacco tin full-up with muta for two dollars, or a Diamond matchbox full for four or five"), the Mezz fell into the habit of mixing business with pleasure by pushing a little gauge. To appreciate the importance of this act, you have to understand what a creative hotbed and social trend-setter Harlem was in the Thirties.

Harlem then was not the heavy ghetto of today; far from it! Harlem was wide open, full to the brim with the joyous new





life of the first American blacks ever to feel the sense of complete cultural liberation. The young eager blacks of that era were keen to dig this brave new world up north and to make it ring with black dance, black song, black laughter and, above all, black jazz, the master art of that era, the big beat of that day, the music that did for the Thirties what rock did for the Sixties. It was a rich and yeasty cultural brew that was bubbling off the pavements of Harlem when the Mezz blew in from Chi with his pocket full of high; it was a round-the-clock block party that had its center on a classic bit of turf called the Stroll, or Seventh Avenue between 131st and 132nd Street. All the big names played up there: Louis Armstrong, Cab Calloway, Count Basie.

Mezz and his vipers (weed heads) were the tiny seed from which the whole modern dope culture sprang. Mezz was the messiah of marijuana. Characteristically, for this generous and warm-hearted enthusiast, he became a dope dealer less out of a desire to make a few bucks than to turn on all his new friends. His account of how he drifted into dealing shows not only his own good nature, but the child-like naivete of the first dopers.

"Most of us were getting our tea from some Spanish boys, and one day they showed up with a guy who pushed the stuff in Detroit when I was there. He

wasn't selling it any more, but he put us in touch with another cat who kept coming up from Mexico with real golden-leaf, the best that could be had. As soon as we got some of that Mexican bush we almost blew our tops. Poppa, you never smacked your chops on anything sweeter in all your days of viping. It had such a wonderful smell, and the kick you got was really out of this world. Guys used to say it tasted like chocolate candy, a brand Hershey never even thought of.

"I laid it on the cats in the Barbeque, and pretty soon all Harlem was after me to light them up. I wasn't working then and didn't have much money left to gay-cat with, but I couldn't refuse to light my friends up. Before I knew it I had to write to our connection for a large supply, because everybody I knew wanted some.

"Overnight I was the most popular man in Harlem. On the Corner I was to become known as the Reefer King, the Link between the Races, the Philosopher, the Mezz, Poppa Mezz, Mother Mezz, Pop's Boy, the White Mayor of Harlem, the Man about Town, the Man that Hipped the World, the Man that Made History, the Man with the Righteous Bush, He who Diggeth the Digger, Father Neptune."

The respect Mezz garnered on the street was not only due to the quality of his dope; he resisted efforts by big-time gangsters to take over the dealing business in Harlem, as he resisted the efforts of legitimate businesspersons to package the stuff and sell it nationally. He didn't want dope dealing to become a racket or a high-powered commercial enterprise.

The Mezz's dealings were pure jazz in action. He dealt right off the top to the hippest cats on the continent. Their slang was as slick as the music they loved. When they rapped, they got off just like a jazzman blowing his horn. A typical day in the life of the Mezz saw many cleverly phrased transactions and newly coined words echo among the streets and hangouts of Harlem, a colorful code known only to those colorful enough to use it:

First Cat: Hey there, Poppa Mezz, is you anywhere?

Mezz: Man I'm down with it, stickin' like a honky.

First Cat: Lay a trey on me, ole man.

Mezz: Got to do it, slot-mouth. (Pointing to a man standing in front of Big John's gin mill) Gun the snatcher on your left raise—the head mixer laid on a bundle his ways, he's posin' back like crime sure pays.

First Cat: Father grab him! I ain't payin' him no rabbit. Jim, this jive you've got is a gasser. I'm goin' up to my dommy and dig that new mess Pops laid down. I hear he riffed back on Zackly. Pick you up at the



Track when the kitchen mechanics romp.

Second Cat: Hey Mezzie, lay some of that hard-cuttin' mess on me. I'm short a deuce of blips, but I'll straighten you later.

Mezz: Righteous, gizz, you're a poor boy but a good boy—now don't come up crummy.

Second Cat: Never crummy, chummy. I'm gonna lay a drape under the trey of knockers for Tenth Street, and I'll be on the scene wearin' the green.

Third Cat: (Coming up with his chick) Baby this is that powerful man with that good grass that'll make you trip through the highways and byways like a Maltese kitten. Mezz, this is my new dinner and she's a solid viper.

Girl: All the chicks is always talkin' 'bout you and Pops. Sure it ain't somethin' freakish goin' down 'tween you two? You sure got the ups on us pigeons, we been on a frantic kick tryin' to divide who's who. But everybody loves Pops and we know just how your bloodstream's runnin'.

Fourth Cat: (Coming up with a stranger) Mezz, this here is Sonny Thompson, he one of the regular cats on the Avenue and can lay some iron too. Sonny's hip from way back and solid can blow some gauge, so lay an ace on us and let us get gay. He



been knowin' Pops for years.

Mezz: Solid man, any stud that's all right with Pops must really be in there. Here, pick up Sonny, the climb's on me.

Sonny: (To his friend) Man, you know one thing? This cat should of been born J.B., he collars all jive and comes on like a spaginzy. (Turning to Mezz) Boy, is you sure it ain't some of us in your family way down the line? Boy you're too much, stay with it, you got to git it.

Fifth Cat: Hey Poppa Mezz! Stickin'?

Mezz: Like the chinaberry trees in Aunt Hagar's backyard.

Fifth Cat: Lay an ace on me so's I can elevate myself, and I'll pick you up on the late watch.

Sixth Cat: (Seeing Mezz hand the reefers to Cat Number Five) Ow, I know I'm gonna get straight now, I know you gonna put me on.

Fifth Cat: Back up boy, forty-five feet. Always lookin' for a freebie, Jim, why don't you let up sometime? Hawk's out here with his axe, and me with this lead sheet on, tryin' to scuffle up those two's and fews for uncle so's I can bail out my full orchestration.

Sixth Cat: Aw, come on and bust your vest, what you goin' to make out of sportin' life? You know you took the last chorus with me.

Fifth Cat: Look's like he got me, Mezz, but this cat wouldn't feed grass to a horse in a concrete pasture. He's so tight he wouldn't buy a pair of shorts for a flea. Man, just look at him, dig that vine all

offtime, and his strollers look like he's ready to jump. This cat's playin' ketch-up and I got to tighten his wig. Hold it down, Jim (speaking now to Mezz), and I'll come up with a line two like I said. Come on, Jack, let's final to my main stash.

These cats had the fastest metaphors in town. To find anything like this lingo, you'd have to page back to the time of Shakespeare, when another illiterate population, the "groundlings," exhibited a similar relish for playing with words. Indeed, nothing could be more preposterous than treating people with such a witty command of language as "culturally deprived." The fact of the matter is that these Harlem vipers had a

**"Hey Mezzie, lay some
of that mess on me.
I'm short a deuce of
blips, but I'll straighten
you later."**

culture that was so potent, so pure, so original and yet so perfectly in tune with the times that it eventually called the tune for all of American society, white and black, down to the conclusion of World War II and the dying of the real Jazz Age.

The mighty Mezz was at once the greatest digger, the greatest chronicler, the greatest celebrator of this culture, as well

as being a principal actor on its main stage and contributor of its most characteristic fragrance—the pungent aroma of burning bush. Eventually, however, his dedication to the weed made him the first martyr to the laws that were passed, state by state, in the Thirties, leading up to the passage of the Marijuana Stamp Act in 1937, which soon stamped out the flame that the Mezz had started and put the man himself behind bars.

Characteristically, the Mezz was not busted for selling dope but for trying to give it away. In 1940, while entering the back door of a jazz club at the World's Fair (ironically, the club was called "The Gay New Orleans"), Mezz was collared by a plainclothes detective who had been looking for a hard-drug dealer working that particular club. He was frisked and found to be carrying a pocketful of joints—which he had planned to lay on the band. He was indicted under the new federal law, convicted and sentenced to one to three years on Riker's Island. It wasn't the first bum rap he had taken, and he served his stretch in fairly congenial surroundings: in a colored cell block and playing in the prison band. But his days of dealing were over.

When he got out of the can, Mezz worked for a while as a record producer (who put together some now legendary dates with the surviving members of the original New Orleans school) and as a jazz musician. Eventually, he ran into a New York writer and intellectual named Bernard Wolfe who delivered the Mezz of his real baby, his classic American autobiography, *Really the Blues*.

The year that *Really the Blues* was published, 1946, saw the beginning of the Beat movement, which did as much to put dope into the hands of white America as did the Mezz to put it into the grasp of Black America. Ginsberg, Corso, Kerouac—they were all the spiritual sons of the Mezz. Rhapsodes, all of them, chanting it up for a new, ecstatic and totally liberated view of American life, like you get while high on tea.

The Beats passed the joint to the West Coast rockers and they delivered it to the world. Now, finally, in the year 1977, an American president proposes to decriminalize marijuana, precisely 40 years after the passage of the Marijuana Stamp Act. The wheel has come full circle. The mission of the Mezz will soon be accomplished. From the cathouse to the White House, America will be capped with a cloud of glory. Now wouldn't that gas ole Mezz right down to his peg-cuffed pants and alligator-skin shoes? It's a wise father that knows what's good for his children.

And what of Poppa Mezz? After so many dope-related offenses, he was finally drummed out of the United States. His last years were spent in Paris—a mecca for black musicians, even today, and not a bad place to blow your last days—where he died in 1972 at the age of 73. ■

The Mezz Mezzrow Hiptionary of Jive Talk

Aunt Hagar: an old black mammy

bust your vest: be big about it

chinaberry tree: elderberry tree

deuce of blips: pair of nickels, a dime

dinner: pun on chicken-chick (girlfriend)

dommy: domicile, home

don't come up crummy: don't bullshit if you owe money

drape: suit of clothes

Father grab him: God kill him

freakish: gay

full orchestration: winter overcoat

gun the snatcher: dig the plainclothesman

hawk: winter

hawk's axe: icy wind

J.B.: jet black

ketch-up: even the score

lay some iron: tap dance

lead sheet: skinny topcoat

line two: \$2 (code for a \$1 price)*

lozies: code for mezzroll (also lozeerose)

main stash: home base

mezzroll: a fat, well-packed joint (also meserole)

mixer: bartender

offtime vine: old-fashioned suit

pay no rabbit: pay no more attention

than you would to a rabbit jumping over a fence

Pops: Louis Armstrong

put me on: turn me on

slotmouth: a black person, i.e., hungry for money

spaginzy: a black person

stickin' like a honky: come payday,

someone with money

strollers: look like he's ready to jump;

baggy trousers

take a chorus with me: I'll treat

Tenth Street: \$10

the Track: Savoy Ballroom (Harlem)

to divide who's who: to figure out who plays which note (i.e., which role in homosexual relationship)

to make out of sportin' life: to spoil someone's fun

trek of knockers: the three pawnshop balls

two's and fews: \$2-a-shot-and-less hookers

uncle: pawnbroker

when the kitchen mechanics romp:

Thursdays; the maids' night off

Zackly: a hit of the day—"Exactly Like You"

*Prices, times and other were often doubled to deceive outsiders.



Confessions of a DEA Agent

Corruption, planted evidence, payoffs and dirty tricks are stock in trade for the professional narc — as told to Susan Wyler

As of this writing, the corruption and violations of constitutional rights detailed in the following article have been reported to the U.S. Attorney's office in Boston and to the Department of Justice in Washington. To date, virtually no action has been taken to clean up the corruption in the DEA, as President Carter promised in March 1976. Jimmy, what are you waiting for?

I joined the DEA right out of college. Didn't know anything about drugs—had never smoked pot. My crowd drank beer. But the money isn't bad to start with. And you get to carry a gun and a badge. It's a nice position. When I left eight years later, I had a high GS rating, which meant 29 grand a year with overtime. I earned every nickel of it—believe me. But let me tell you, out of about 2,500 DEA agents around the world, I'd say that 95 percent of them take their pay underneath their legs and behind their backs, because they don't earn it. Not to speak of what many of them take in payoffs, looting... but we'll get into that.... And it's all because of the system. When I came on the job as a new agent,

it was still the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD). John Ingersoll was in charge. You started out at that time with a three-month training program at the headquarters in Washington—1405 I Street, N.W., on the fourth floor. You're trained in basic narcotics, identification of dangerous drugs, law, pharmacology... everything that an agent needs to know. Then they send you out to a specific region or to a district office.

As soon as you get out into the field, you find that what they taught you at training school doesn't go. It's a completely different ball game. You're assigned to a group of about ten narcs with a supervisor. Now back then, in 1969, you had a lot of older agents who were formerly with the Federal Bureau of Narcotics or Drug Abuse Control, which merged to form the BNDD. These older guys didn't care about anything but getting paid. They didn't want to bother making cases. Here I am new—heart chargin', Commie hatin', ass kickin'—and nobody wanted to do anything. So my partner and I got ourselves assigned to a special task force. The DEA sends out task forces to work with the local police in large cities on special projects. We were working with the Baltimore police to try and crack the heroin network in that city.

So you start going out on arrests with the city cops or with other agents, and that's when you begin to open your eyes and see what's happening.

Okay, you go in to make the arrest. You have a legal search warrant and everything's routine. But in the search of the suspect's house, or in the search of his person, you find the guy's got 200 bucks on him. So the agent takes it and puts it in his pocket. If the guy complains, it's his word against the agent's and that of anybody else who was there: "I didn't see nothin'. Of course, agent so-and-so didn't take any money." This poor schmuck's a scumbag dope peddler; it's his word against an agent's, with maybe six law enforcement officials backing the agent.

They'd take money, radios, TV's, tape recorders, stereos, guns, fur coats—whatever they could find. They called them "souvenirs." It was a way of making extra money. Whenever you worked with the local cops, you could take anything with a serial number on it and say, "Let's bring that down to the office and check it out, because it could be stolen property." We used to have a locker down there. They'd just bring it in and the stuff would go out the back door the next day. Routinely, local cops and federal DEA agents. And I did it too.

I would see it all going on, and I had two choices: either say something and get castrated, or keep my mouth shut. I wanted to be one of the guys. This is how every new agent is broken into his job. The corruption is there when he starts, and he has the choice of lying and not saying



**The DEA agents
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They called them
"souvenirs."**

anything or of playing Serpico and being ostracized for the rest of his career.

So it begins with petty larceny on search warrants, raids, that sort of thing. Then, as you get a little more schooled, more experienced, you get into learning how to lie—in your reports, in your affidavits, in your court testimony.

You see, the whole system is a giant numbers game. The DEA has to show Congress big numbers to, up its budget ante. There's too much pressure on the DEA from its own brass, from Congress, from the public to prosecute in mindless figures.

The ODALE program, which began in April 1972, is a perfect example. It was established for the express purpose of cleaning up the streets, and it was an out-and-out farce. We busted a lot of street peddlers and junkies, but of course it didn't make a dent in the traffic, establish any valuable informants or lead us to any high-class dealers. All it did was tie a lot of DEA agents and cops up in court making a lot of shit cases. John Bartels was responsible for that fiasco. He was the head of ODALE at that time, and he became head of the DEA after ODALE was dissolved in July 1973, after John Ingersoll left. He was a U.S. attorney for a while, but he just had no feel of narcotics enforcement. And I'll tell you a thing or two about Bartels' extracurricular activities that isn't exactly public knowledge.

Bartels was a ladies' man. He liked to call up the regional director of each region he was visiting and mention how he would like to have a "lady" assigned to him when he got up there. Maybe somebody from a regional director's private stash. One day my partner and I saw Bartels up in Boston, and we couldn't believe it. Here was this guy in a wrinkled suit, pegged pants up to his ankles, brown stains on his ass, dirty black shoes, ring

around the collar, bloodshot eyes, dandruff all over his shoulders... I mean, really, I was embarrassed to look at the guy and say that he was head of the DEA.

Now this romancing was no casual activity. A regional director would get reprimanded if he didn't have a lady for Bartels when he came into town. But one time John was caught with his pants down. One of the people Bartels relied on most was his director of public relations, Vince Promuto. One time Promuto fixed Bartels up in Washington with this girl: blond, well-built—and Bartels never checked her out. Well, it turned out she was an informant who'd been kicking around the Washington scene for a long time. So here was the director of the DEA running around with this woman who had been the girlfriend of known hoodlums for years. Fucking an informant. It's taboo. You're not supposed to fool around with your informants. It happens, but agents can be suspended or fired for it if they're indiscreet. That's basically what led to Bartels' downfall and subsequently forced him to resign.

If the DEA went out and knocked off three major heroin systems, it would probably account for their entire yearly budget, and they might arrest 100 people. That would really be cutting off a large source of supply, but it doesn't look especially good statistically. So instead of getting to the root of the problem, you go out and make maybe 200 bit cases a year—off small street dealers, some poor junkies. You go out and buy two spoons of heroin off some Puerto Rican, and you've got a case number, which is all they care about. Lots of numbers. It gets you nowhere, but it looks good on paper. And that's where the lying comes in—to make the system look even better.

One reason money is so tight is that a lot of it is spent overseas, and most of it is being wasted. The reason so much money is used to train foreign police officials, for example, is the belief that with these cops better trained, better able to police their own countries, they will stem the flow of narcotics into the U.S. In fact, this training program is a joke.

Getting into foreign training is called a "tit job," because you travel to all the best countries: England, France, Egypt, Japan. Two-week foreign police schools are terrific junkets. You get up, give maybe two or three lectures that anyone who's been on the job a year could give without any preparation, and then you're on your own with a juicy expense account. Some guys buy so much, they come back and sell their merchandise here. I won't mention any names, but there's a certain official who was in charge of international training who had his own ring of flunkies sent out—a regular import business at the taxpayer's expense.

That's the light side of overseas work. In some places, particularly South

America, where the CIA comes in, it gets very nasty. I once knew the number of CIA agents involved with the DEA, and I think it was around 80. Of these 80, I'd say that half were still working for the CIA.

You can spot a CIA agent in the DEA right away, because they come in after training with a Government Service rating of 12 and 13. Usually a beginning agent is somewhere around a 7 or 9 when he comes out of training. Plus, this guy might speak of some government experience, but he's got no experience in narcotics work and right away he's assigned to an overseas post. Any schmuck knows something's peculiar there.

In South America, the DEA is a terrific cover, and these guys used it to eliminate dope peddlers they can't catch legally. They allot a six-month period of time to get a case on a prime target. If the local police don't bring him in by then, either because they don't have enough of a case or because the cops are being bought off, then the agent goes out and hires an informant who hires a subinformant to snuff the guy. Of course, the agent is nowhere around when the guy is eliminated. A good example of this is that guy Octavio Gonzales down in Bogota. You wrote up that case in your "HighWitness News" [*High Times*, March '77]. He was bumped off by a subinformant. I know this because of information from a friend of an agent in my office.

I don't know of any cases of domestic assassination, but I can tell you this. Back in 1969 or '70, a proposal was made to John Ingersoll, at that time director of the BNDD, to set up hit squads for the United States: three or four mobile teams all over the United States hoppin' off big dope dealers if, after a six-month period, a case could not be made against them.

The plan was finally rejected by the Nixon administration, but they almost went for it. This is just heresay, understand, but I heard that Nixon was very interested. His advisors, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and that group, advised him against it.

But there are other ways narcs have of dealing with suspects they can't get a solid case against. And it happens a lot. I won't say it's common, but it does happen. You go in with a search warrant planning to make a bust, and you can't find any hard evidence. You've been watching this creep for months, and you know he's dealing cocaine, but that day, the place is clean. So you search the kitchen and you find eight ounces of flour. You do a field test and it just doesn't test. You taste it, and you know it's flour.

Still, you hand the sack over to the Drug Control Unit and you say, maybe with a wink of the eye, "Gee, that looks like flour, but send it over to the state lab for tests anyway, just in case."

Lo and behold, the results come back from the state lab, and the Drug Control Unit calls up our office and says, "Good



**You find
eight ounces
of flour. You
hand it to the
Drug Control Unit.
The results
come back: eight
ounces of pure coke.**

work. That was eight ounces of pure coke."

Somewhere between here and there, someone salted the package. You've got all the evidence you need to make your case in court. It's easy. There are always a lot of confiscated drugs lying around law enforcement agencies, and you've read how notoriously inaccurate their inventories are.

There's another trick like that one called "doubling your bucks." You go in on a search warrant, or make an undercover buy or whatever, and you come up with some evidence, but it's not enough for a big case. So you cut the stuff yourself. Throw in some dextrose, lactose, mannite... whatever you have on hand. In court your case looks twice as good as it really is. And you've got your own affidavit and perjured testimony to back up the hard evidence.

Or, of course, you could just out-and-out plant the evidence—"flaking," it's called. Suppose you know a guy's dealing and you miss him two or three times. Well, the fourth time you aren't going to miss him. You go up, grab him—in some instances we wouldn't even tell him why—just scoop him up off the street, maybe beat him up if he gives any trouble, lock him up and submit some evidence lying around from another raid. Who's going to believe him if he screams?

What scares me is that it's not only criminals whose civil liberties are being violated. Let me tell you about NADDIS.

NADDIS is a secret computer network that is integral to the DEA intelligence system. A NADDIS number is a computer number that goes on any DEA report written on any subject. If a suspect has a number, it's included on the investigative report; if not, he's given a number. If

there's no number, the agent will include as much information about the suspect as possible: physical description, date of birth, height, weight and so on. All that goes into the computer under that code number. There are six or seven computer print-out pages for each NADDIS number. The first page consists of physical identifying data: NADDIS number, name, address, phone number, date of birth, height, weight, physical descriptions, scars, Social Security number, etc. The second page consists of any DEA file references. The third page lists associates. The fourth page lists vehicles, driver's license numbers, pilot's license numbers, etc. The last page lists remarks: Synopsis... "John Doe is a major heroin dealer from Culiacan, Mexico."

Now, not only defendants have NADDIS numbers. Anyone involved, any innocent bystander sitting in the same room, will be given a number... ships, planes, hotels, motels, mothers-in-law, telephones. All it takes is a subpoena to pull telephone tolls. Say you're a suspect, and I pull your long-distance tolls and find you're calling your mother. When I write up that DEA report, your mother gets a NADDIS number. Millions of people who've never broken the law are cross-referenced in this secret computer intelligence system.

There's another program, TECS, which is the Customs Service answer to NADDIS. TECS works each port of entry into the United States. You punch names, license numbers, Social Security cards, info like that into this computer. So if I had a suspect who I thought was out of the country coming into the United States, I'd just call Customs and say, "Put this guy on TECS"... which means that they'll give him a toss when he comes across the border. I could do it to anyone, just to harass them if I wanted to. If you've got a hard-on for somebody who you know is returning from out of the country, just put him into TECS, and they'll bust his balls when he comes in—take him down to security, delay him, strip him, give him a secondary search.

Another effective tool that can be used indiscriminantly is the wiretap. The wiretap is a very effective tool to prosecute people under the conspiracy statute. You need good probable cause, but it doesn't matter if there's no dope, no hard evidence. All you need are a few calls promising to deal, maybe a meeting between the agent and the suspect, even if no transaction occurs, just a framework for a case. Let me tell you, you've got to be very careful what you say over the phone.

Now in my experience, the DEA has always used legal wiretaps. They get a court order, but the trick is in the techniques of wiretapping, and if lawyers knew more about that, they might be able to get their clients off. You see, if you're monitoring a wiretap, you have to follow

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BETTER TELEPATHY THROUGH CHEMISTRY

How LSD, mescaline and other hallucinogens enhance your psychic powers

by D. Scott Rogo

Modern psychologists say we use only one-tenth of our brains. The French philosopher Henri Bergson speculated that the human brain in its full force was capable of knowing all that was afoot in the universe at any given moment, but that in order to permit our cave-dwelling ancestors to get on with the woolly-mammoth hunting and other business at hand, our front-brains learned to automatically censor 90 percent of the perceptions they received lest we succumb to the stupefying Sensurround effect of information overload. The English philosopher Aldous Huxley—an enthusiastic LSD and mescaline fancier—speculated that if Bergson was correct, technological progress had evolved to the point where humans had the leisure to cultivate the neglected 90 percent, and therefore history had given us the gift of psychedelics in the twentieth century to help us climb back into inner space.

Think what you will of Bergson and Huxley, one persistent fact is claiming the attention of a number of parapsychology researchers today as they try to burrow through to the seat of psychic power: LSD and other hallucinogens just might stimulate extrasensory perception, or ESP.

Of course, psychedelic plants have been gobbled up by soothsayers in search of prophetic copy since the Greeks and Aztecs, but science has long scoffed at the claims of barbarian holy men who thought they could see the future. It was not until 1927 that Dr. William McGovern, an anthropologist/explorer of the Amazon River, witnessed and described a native ritual involving a hallucinogenic brew distilled from the *Banisteriopsis caapi* plant:

"Certain of the Indians fell into a particularly deep state of trance," McGovern

wrote, "in which they possessed what appeared to be telepathic powers. Two or three of the men described what was going on in *malokas* hundreds of miles away, many of which they had never visited, and the inhabitants of which they had never seen, but which seemed to tally exactly with what I knew of the places and people concerned. More extraordinary still, on this particular evening, the local medicine man told me that the chief of a certain tribe in faraway Pira Panama had suddenly died. I entered this statement in my diary and many weeks later, when we came to the tribe in question, I found that the witch doctor's statements had been true in every detail."

The first controlled experiments of psychedelically-induced ESP date back to the Twenties and Thirties, when French investigators got into the act at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. They administered mescaline to subjects and then tested them to see how well they could reproduce sketches or words drawn in another room and sent to them telepathically. Apparently the experiments succeeded to some extent, because the Pasteur Institute researchers soon dubbed mescaline "the telepathic drug." At the same time, private investigations were being carried out by Dr. Eugene Osty, a well-known French parapsychologist, to determine the effects of yagé on ESP.

Even Soviet scientists investigated the mystery. In *Mysterious Phenomena of the Human Psyche*, Leonid Vasiliev of the Leningrad-based Institute for Brain Research admitted that he too had experimented in hopes of finding a relationship between mescaline and ESP. Vasiliev, who carried out his research in 1946, was probably the first contemporary parapsychologist to explore the ESP effects of psychedelic drugs.

Only one subject was used for his experiments. She was a physiologist who, according to the Soviet scientist, "gave no signs whatsoever of possessing parapsychological capabilities." The volunteer was given mescaline and two hours later, when she began describing intense mental imagery, Vasiliev asked her to psychically describe what objects were hidden in a series of black plastic boxes. Several of these trials were extremely successful. When the target was a postage stamp imprinted with a picture of the Central Telegraph Building in Moscow, the subject reported "A stone house. How did you contrive to hide a house in there?" A mass of red coral was described by the subject as "a red stain." A small compass was likewise described as "something that is yellow, oval, hard, orange and tinkles." A frog elicited the response, "Something alive."

There can be little doubt that some of these impressions related directly to the objects in the boxes. Unfortunately, since Professor Vasiliev did not test the subject before or after her mescaline experience,

we really don't know how well she would have done on the ESP test in a normal state of mind. Despite the fact that this pilot study was promising, Vasiliev never continued his drug research.

LSD was synthesized in 1943 during a time when the study of ESP was still frowned upon in academic circles. Psychologists began studying LSD because it seemed temporarily to create the symptoms of psychosis. But as investigators began studying the LSD experience, cases of spontaneous ESP started cropping up.

Probably the two most active LSD investigators in this country have been the husband and wife team of R. E. L. Masters and Dr. Jean Houston. Although not originally interested in ESP, when some of their subjects started reporting extrasensory impressions during their sessions, they became intrigued enough to study it experimentally. One incident occurred when a young housewife was given LSD during a session monitored by the two investigators. As they recorded it in *The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience*:

**During an LSD session
a subject "saw" a ship,
caught in ice
in northern seas.
Two days later
the newspapers reported
it as fact.**

"S-19...complained in the course of an LSD session that she could see her little girl in the kitchen of their home and that the daughter was taking advantage of her mother's absence to go looking for a cookie jar. S further reported that the daughter was standing on a chair and rummaging through the kitchen cabinets. She 'saw' the child knock a glass sugar bowl from the shelf and remarked that the bowl had shattered on the floor, spilling sugar all around.

"S forgot about this episode, but when she returned home, after her session, she decided to make herself some coffee and then was unable to find the sugar bowl. She asked her husband where it was, and he told her that while she was away, their daughter had 'made a mess' knocking the sugar bowl from the shelf and smashing it. The child had done this 'while looking for cookies.'"

Another LSD-induced ESP experience was brought to Masters's and Houston's attention by a friend. He had been monitoring an LSD session during which his subject reported seeing a ship caught in ice in northern seas. She even saw its name written on the bow—the *France*.

Three days later, local newspapers reported that a ship, the *France*, had been freed from ice floes near Greenland.

Since ESP experiences do seem to happen all the time, there is no way of telling if the above incidents were specifically prompted by the LSD. Even though these two cases seem to be scientifically controlled, they do not in themselves offer very strong evidence for an LSD-ESP relationship. So Masters and Houston began to explore experimentally the relationship to see if one really did exist.

For their first project, Masters and Houston tested 27 LSD subjects with standard ESP (Zener) cards. These are the well-known cards that J. B. Rhine developed and made famous at Duke University. The deck consists of a sequence of 25 cards, each of which is printed with one of five geometric symbols: either a cross, star, circle, square or wavy lines. By calling any sequence of 25 cards, the subject might be expected to get about 5 correct by chance. Jean Houston acted as agent and, sitting across the room from the subject, concentrated on the cards one by one, attempting to psychically influence the subject's guesses. Twenty-three of the subjects scored at a level expected by the laws of chance. However, 4 of the subjects did seem to score above average, and only one of them continued to score well when tested later after the effects of the drug had worn off.

Masters and Houston soon discovered, though, that their subjects quickly wearied of guessing cards and became bored with the experiment. So they changed strategy. For a new series of tests they prepared slips of paper with more complicated images described on them. The agent, again sitting across the room from the subject, picked up the slips one by one and tried to send the image to the LSD-intoxicated subject telepathically. Better results seemed to be obtained with this more interesting method.

Sometimes the subjects were extremely accurate when they described what they thought was being mentally transmitted to them. When a target was a Viking ship tossing in a storm, one subject reported, "Snake with arched head swimming in tossed seas." When the target was a tropical rain forest, the same subject reported imaging "Lush vegetation, exotic flowers, startling green—seen through watery mist."

Masters and Houston approximated that out of the 63 subjects they tested, at least 48 achieved some success on at least one or two of the imagery attempts, while 5 had more consistent success.

One of the most systematic investigations into the effects of psychedelic drugs on ESP was a lengthy project carried out by two Italian investigators, Roberto Cavanna and Emilio Servadio. The team was an ideal one. Cavanna is a prominent pharmacologist, while Servadio is one of Italy's leading parapsychologists. For
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SEA WEEED

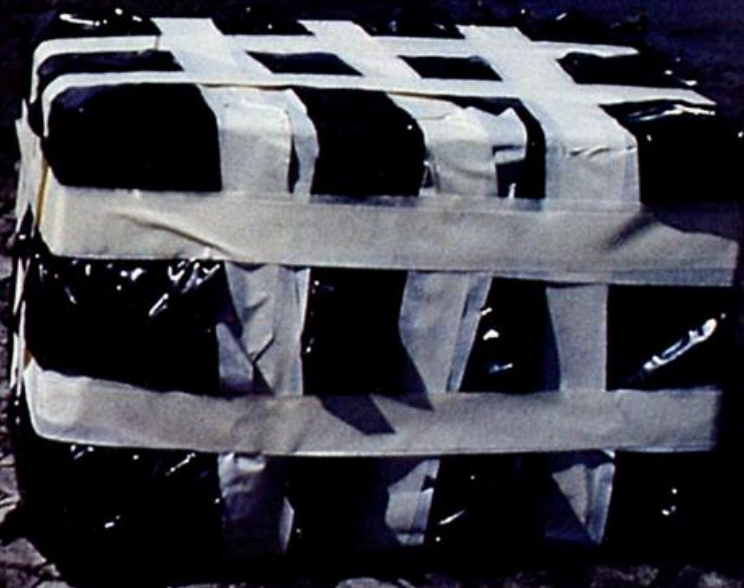
Photographs by Don Peterson

The blockade runner idles in water like glass. Suddenly, searchlights and sirens stab through the night, a Coast Guard dreadnought fires over the smuggler's prow, twin diesel engines thunder and the chase is on. To make good their escape, tons of contraband are jettisoned.

At dawn, beachcombers flock to the shallow coastal waters nearby. The law of the sea is clear: finders keepers. They're looking for the fabled sea weed.

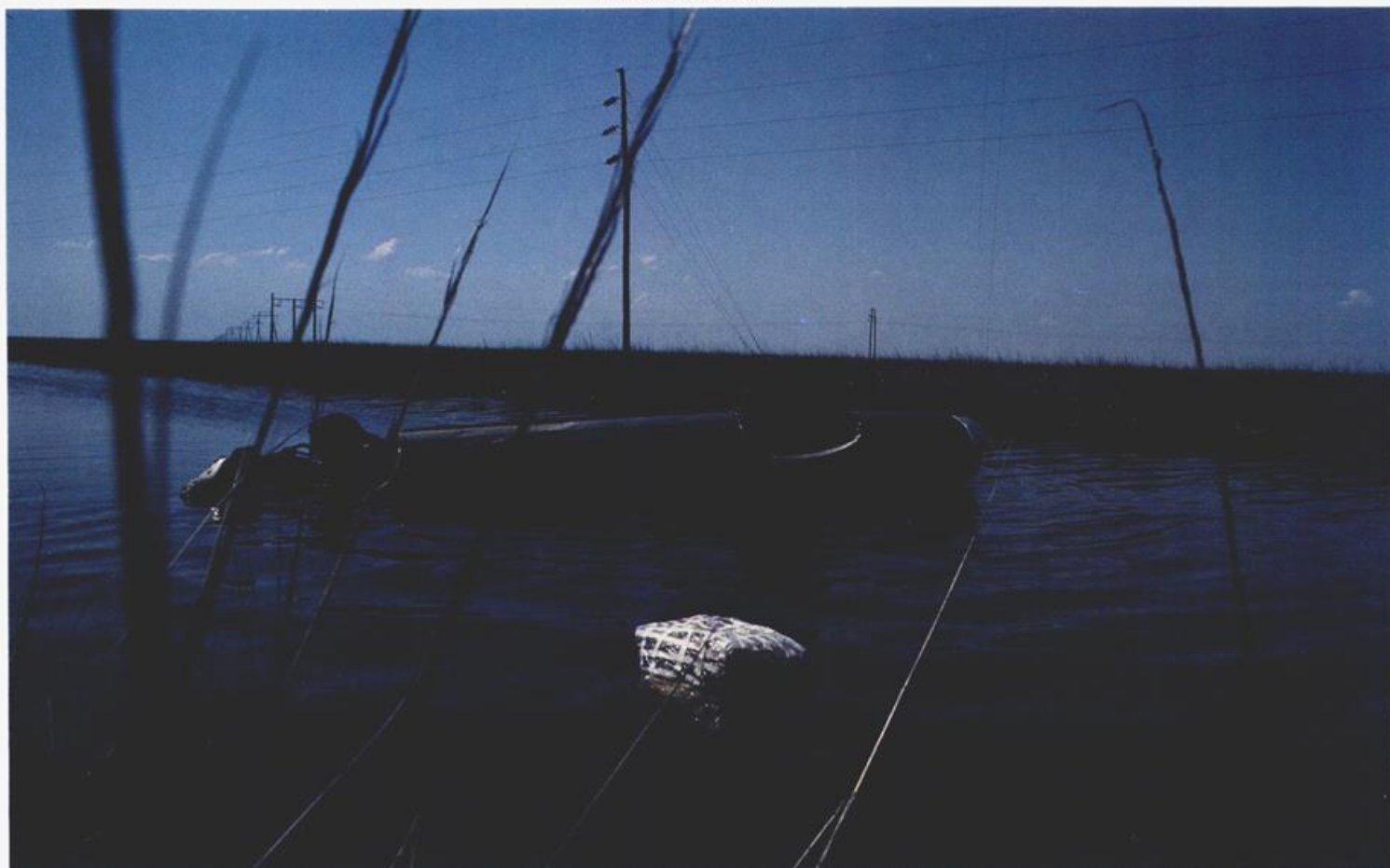
Sea weed is turning up all over the coasts these days. The best grounds are in Florida: Turkey Point, Biscayne Bay, Key West, Key Largo and Tampa Bay. But sea weed has turned up as far as Big Sur and the Isle of Coney, even in the English Channel. Bales of marijuana are sailing right onto the resort beaches. Wrapped in plastic, sealed with tape, the 25-kilo bricks are surfing ashore everywhere.

Good luck, beachcombers. ☐





Alabama Gulf



The Louisiana Bayous

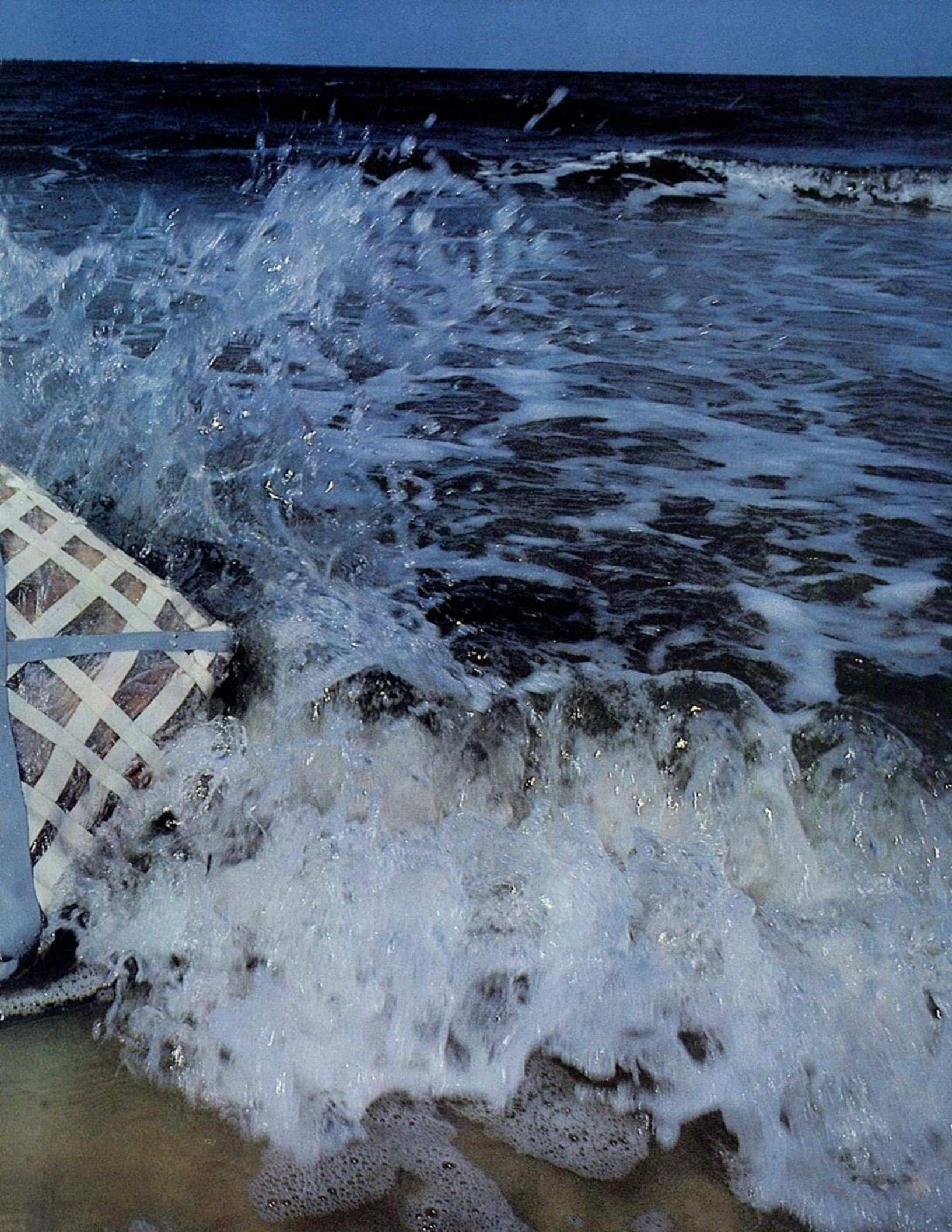


Port Anthony, Texas



The Everglades









CARLOS

How Ilyich Ramirez Sanchez, playboy revolutionary, shot a British millionaire, organized the Japanese Red Army, launched a rocket attack on a French airport, kidnapped 11 OPEC oil ministers and nearly brought Western imperialism to its knees.

by Steve Long

Shortly before 7:00 on the bitterly cold night of December 30, 1973, a shadowy figure approached a mock Georgian mansion in London's posh St. John's Wood section. The man wore jeans and an olive drab army jacket with the hood pulled up to cover the top of his head. A motorcycle scarf covered the lower half of his pudgy, saturnine face. Inside the army jacket was a 13-shot, Belgian-made, nine-millimeter Browning automatic pistol.

The man rang the doorbell of the mansion, which belonged to Edward Sieff, owner of London's famous Marks and Spencer department store and a frequent fund-raiser for Israel and the Zionist

cause. The door was answered by Sieff's Portuguese butler. Pointing the automatic pistol at the terrified servant, the man demanded: "Take me to Sieff." The executive was upstairs in a bathroom changing his clothes for a dinner engagement. When the butler knocked, Sieff unthinkingly unlocked the door and turned away to continue changing his clothes. The stranger thrust his pistol into the bathroom and fired it point-blank in Sieff's face, KGB style. Before Sieff fell to the floor, the man had already turned and began running out of the house.

Sieff had been shot by a young Venezuelan terrorist who had adopted the alias of Carlos Martinez, and who was

dubbed "Carlos the Jackal" by the British press. The shooting of Sieff may sound like a scene from a Frederick Forsyth thriller, but the story of Carlos the Jackal is indeed stranger than fiction. The tale of Carlos has all of the ingredients of a classic spy novel—a fast-moving plot, plenty of bosomy, bohemian women and, of course, lots of terror, bloodshed, intrigue and illicit sex.

Carlos is the most famous international terrorist in the world today, a man who has been linked to nearly every major terrorist act in Western Europe over the past four years. How was a plump playboy transformed into Carlos the Jackal, the most wanted man in the world?

The man who became Carlos was born Ilyich Ramirez Sanchez in 1949 in the 400-year-old town of San Cristobal, Venezuela. His father, a successful Marxist millionaire lawyer, had once studied to become a Catholic priest. He named his three sons Vladimir, Ilyich and Lenin, after the full name of the Soviet revolutionary. Carlos's parents often had marital difficulties, during which Ilyich and his brothers traveled the Caribbean. They spent much of their childhood living in Mexico, Colombia, Jamaica and Florida, before returning to Venezuela in 1961.

After two years as a student at a private school, Ilyich entered the largest private college in Caracas. It was here that he began his political education by taking part in stone-throwing street demonstrations supporting the outlawed Venezuelan Communist Party, which had been banned because it supported rural guerrillas opposing the government.

In 1966, Ilyich and his brothers were shipped off to London to live with their mother. London had just been declared "swinging" by Time magazine, and Ilyich began to build his own reputation as a playboy and party-goer. It was this reputation that would later furnish the alleged reasons for his expulsion from Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow.

When his father arrived in Europe on a visit two years later, he took Ilyich and his brothers on a visit to the Sorbonne in Paris. The bourgeois Marxist attorney was worried by the permissive atmosphere in decadent London. But it was the spring of 1968, only a few weeks before the student unrest at the Sorbonne that almost toppled the French government. Paris seemed as much a cesspool as London, so Dr. Ramirez decided to send his two eldest sons to college in no-nonsense Moscow. There was a hitch, however. Since Dr. Ramirez didn't belong to the Venezuelan Communist Party, his sons almost weren't admitted to Patrice Lumumba University, a college named after the slain leftist Congolese leader. But after a time-consuming bureaucratic foul-up, Ilyich and Lenin soon found themselves part of an extremely rigorous and dis-

ciplined life. They had only one year to bring their Russian up to college level.

The atmosphere at the university was like a Jesuit seminary, except that capitalism replaced the devil. Ilyich and his brother were exhorted to work hard, postpone their sex lives and participate only in approved political activity. Yet the two brothers found time to join the university's Latin American student organizations, which serve as pep clubs hyping the proper proletarian revolutionary spirit to the cosmopolitan student body.

After six months at Patrice Lumumba, the authorities began to view the Ramirez brothers, particularly Ilyich, as misfits. Their constant partying and a passing parade of Russian girls earmarked the brothers as troublemaking hooligans. The most outrageous incident occurred when Ilyich participated in a violent—by Moscow standards—demonstration of African

He is the most famous international terrorist in the world today, a man linked to nearly every major act of terror in Western Europe over the last four years, a plump playboy transformed into the most wanted man on earth.

students, who ended the rally by throwing ink bottles at their embassy. Ilyich threw a bottle of red ink, which sailed past the embassy building and crashed into the window of a Muscovite living next door. He was swiftly arrested by the police, but soon released with only a warning. It was this incident that was later cited by the university's authorities as a major reason for his expulsion the following year.

Ilyich's second year in Moscow remains largely mysterious. It is known that he developed contacts with Palestinian students who were supporters of the unsanctioned Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP). According to official records, Ilyich was granted a leave of absence of several months after allegedly developing a painful gastric ulcer. Some reports say this was an excuse fabricated by the KGB, the Russian spy agency, in order to remove him from the scene for his first indoctrination as a KGB protégé. There are rumors that during this period Ilyich was training for his role as Carlos at Middle Eastern or Cuban guerrilla camps.

After returning to Moscow, he resumed his wanton ways and was finally expelled from Patrice Lumumba in June 1970. Reports based on leaks from Western intelligence services allege that the KGB

wanted several witnesses who could later testify to Ilyich's "dishonorable discharge" from Patrice Lumumba and to the supposed contempt in which the Soviet authorities held him. In reality, this theory maintains, Ilyich had become a KGB agent, and the expulsion was a convenient way for the Russians to dissociate themselves with the fledgling Carlos.

The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine believes not only in the destruction of Israel, but also in spreading Marxist-Leninist revolution throughout the Arab world. The PFLP has about 1,000 agents in Lebanon and a handful in Europe. The nominal leader of the PFLP is Dr. George Habash, a Lebanese Christian doctor turned revolutionary. The behind-the-scenes major domo is the PFLP's operations commander, Wadi Haddad, who has often been described as the one man whose death would have a significant effect on international terrorism. Haddad is high on the death list of the Israeli counterintelligence forces. It was Haddad who recruited Carlos, trained him and provided him with logistical support for his terrorist operations.

Carlos, at the age of 21, joined the PFLP in the summer of 1970, before the first of the Jordanian skyjackings in September. Sent by Haddad in August to a PFLP camp for non-Palestinians near Beirut, he was given assurances he would be brought back to Jordan when things cooled down. Carlos quickly gravitated from the reality of revolution to the oasis of cabaret life and the student hangouts at the American University of Beirut. In October 1970, he helped supervise a press conference for the recently released Palestinian terrorist Leila Khaled, who despised most foreign revolutionaries.

Returning to London in the fall of 1971, Carlos again became Ilyich, the definitive bourgeois and dutiful son, accompanying his mother on her Christmas social rounds. He taught Spanish to English secretarial students who rejected the pudgy Venezuelan's Latin lover advances—his Mick Jagger lips notwithstanding. He bided his time until July 1972, when he went back to "Fatahland" in Lebanon near the southern border with Israel. There he learned in three months the tools to let him fulfill his credo that "bullets are for real." He had weapons training in a variety of small arms, learned how to make *plastique* bombs and studied terrorist psychology before returning to the boredom of teaching in London.

It was in Paris in the fall of 1972 when Ilyich Ramirez Sanchez's alter ego began actively working for the PFLP. He settled into using one of many false passports he had acquired—that of Carlos Andres Martinez-Torres, a mildly leftist Peruvian economist. At that time, too, Carlos came under the direction of Mohammed Boudia, an Algerian actor-director.

tor who had taken command of the PFLP's European cell in 1969. Boudia was big on blowing up oil refineries, as well as ruthlessly using the many women he fucked.

His sex life had resulted in the penetration of his cell by the Israeli Mossad spy agency in 1971. The Israelis eliminated a PFLP unit whose mission was to blow up tourist hotels on Tel Aviv's beaches. Nevertheless, following this failure, Boudia was permitted to begin setting up an international terrorist complex that was soon to inflame Europe.

It was around this burgeoning multi-Marxist supercell, an alliance of the Japanese Red Army, the German Second of June Movement, the Turkish People's Army and the Italian Red Brigade that Carlos acquired his final indoctrination. In four years, this network was responsible for major terrorist acts that were emblazoned on the front pages of European newspapers, resulting in extraordinary security expenditures and preparations by most European governments.

One of Carlos's first assignments from Boudia was to research likely Zionist hits and terrorist safe-houses in London. This was shortly before the Munich massacre of the Israeli Olympic team in 1972, following which the Israelis activated their Wrath of God (WOG) teams, whose sole purpose was to track down and assassinate Palestinian terrorist leaders. A WOG car bomb obliterated Boudia in the summer of 1973, creating a political vacuum in the leadership of the European terrorist network. Carlos had all the right qualifications to fill the post: skill as an assassin and saboteur; the right Cuban, Russian and Arab connections; easy access to the *haute diplomatique* circles of the capitals of Europe; and fluency in several languages. Most of all, he wasn't an Arab—and thus less suspect to the police. He had a clean record with Interpol and the European counterspy services. It mattered little that he wasn't as devoted to the Palestinian cause as Boudia or that he lacked bureaucratic skill.

So Carlos took over and, in the terrorist tradition of immortalizing the fallen, named the cell "Commando Boudia." That fall, it was heavily involved in the Boudia-initiated action that intimidated Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky into promising to close down a transit camp used by Russian Jews immigrating to Israel. On September 28, 1973, two members of Commando Boudia boarded a train in Czechoslovakia, seized a compartment of Russian Jews and commandeered the train in Austria. Kreisky's capitulation came the next day—a week later: the Yom Kippur War and Carlos's decision to move Commando Boudia's headquarters to London.

In November, Joseph Edward Sieff hosted rightwing Israeli politician Menachem Begin, now prime minister. A month later, Sieff became Carlos's first

hit. The 68-year-old Zionist survived the point-blank blast under his nose, largely because his strong facial bones slowed the bullet's force and his wife alertly turned him onto his stomach, preventing him from strangling to death on his blood and broken teeth.

With that macho act under his belt, Carlos proceeded to follow directly in Boudia's footsteps. A quartet of dependable lady friends in Paris and London were fruits of his labor, although shortly before the Sieff assassination attempt, Carlos was grossly fat—*El Gordo*, "The Fat One." He moved in with one of his lovers, Angela Otaola, a Basque waitress who lived in London's cheap but cosmopolitan Bayswater. It was in Angela's flat that he kept his briefcase of "valuables." His other London lover was an older Colombian attorney, Maria Nydia Romero de Tobon, the only one to know him

Carlos lived the romantic life of a left-bank bohemian, mixing easily with radical chic Sorbonne students. He was very self-confident and well dressed compared to most rive gauche habitués.

as Ilyich. A student at the London School of Economics, tall, intelligent and an avowed Maoist, she handled some of his finances.

Between them, Carlos balanced and manipulated his needs. Similarly, in Paris,

another Colombian, Amparo Silva Mas-mela, and Nancy Sanchez, a Venezuelan like himself, took to his intriguing, nervous manner. Carlos lived the romantic, cosmopolitan life of a left-bank bohemian, mixing easily with radical chic Sorbonne students. *El Gordo* he may have been, but he was extremely self-confident and well-dressed compared to most *rive gauche* habitués.

Carlos's most important relationship was the one with Nancy Sanchez, an anthropology student. Their flat was always crowded with people, and no one ever asked any embarrassing questions. But there was one discordant note. Sanchez shared her apartment not only with Carlos, but also with another Venezuelan, Marie-Teresa Lara, a radical journalist. And the two women had to share Carlos's affection.

Nancy Sanchez's visitors included Cuban embassy attachés, notably a cultural affairs secretary, Raul Sainz Rodriguez, one of the first Soviet-trained graduates of the Cuban intelligence service (DGI). In Nancy's Latin Quarter flat, Carlos felt safest among other comrades, but most of his lovers ended up doing some time.

Just before Carlos shot Sieff, the DST—the French equivalent of the FBI—raided the Marne River villa of the Turkish People's Army, taking most of the weapons Carlos had provided them with a few weeks before. Among them were American grenades stolen by Germany's Baader-Meinhof anarchist gang. But Carlos retained at least one grenade.

The following July, the DST caught a Japanese Red Army terrorist, leading to the deportation of eight Red Army terrorists. The JRA leader, Takahashi Takemoto, asked to be flown to Amsterdam.

This brought Carlos back into the picture. He helped plan the disruption of a



"Daddy, this is Arnold. He's into alternative lifestyles."

Western capital with an attack on the French embassy in The Hague, Netherlands. Carlos went there on September 11 to case the embassy building for the Japanese. Two days later, the JRA attacked. Nine hostages, including the French ambassador, were held for over four days. As negotiations over demands for the release of Takemoto dragged on, Carlos took matters into his own hands.

On September 15, 1974, Carlos or one of his soldiers, entered the futuristic Jewish-owned Le Drugstore, a fancy boutique and coffee shop on the Boulevard Saint Germain in Paris. Leaning over a balcony, the unidentified man dropped an American-made hand grenade into the crowd below. When the smoke cleared, two people were dead, 34 wounded; the grenade thrower had slipped out in the confusion. An anonymous telephone caller told the wire services that the bombing had been a warning to the Dutch and French governments to comply with the Red Army's demands. Two days later, the Dutch government capitulated to the JRA's demands and gave them a plane to flee the country.

By the fall of 1974, Carlos's international network was in full swing. Other terrorist acts quickly followed. Carlos had compiled death lists containing the names of some of the most prominent pro-Zionist politicians, businessmen and artists in Europe, including playwright John Osborne and former British Prime Minister Edward Heath. Soon after the bombing of Le Drugstore, the military attaché of the Uruguayan embassy in Paris was assassinated, and the Yugoslavian consul in Lyons was shot.

The bombings of Le Drugstore and three rightwing, pro-Zionist newspaper offices in Paris set the stage for a resurrection of airport terrorism by Carlos in

the beginning of 1975. Orly Airport was the target, and newly acquired, lightweight Russian heat-seeking missiles were the means. But the January 13 attack boded ill for Carlos. Instead of an El Al jet, the guerrillas' missiles struck a Yugoslav airliner. A subsequent raid by three Palestinian terrorists six days later was nipped by mammoth security. The gunmen opened fire in the crowded departure lounge of Orly as they attempted to escape. Trapped, they took ten hostages and holed up in a washroom for 17 hours. The French authorities determined that the extremely risky conditions necessitated acceptance of raiders' demands. After the hostages were released, the terrorists

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were allowed to fly to Baghdad.

The raids at Orly gave the DST clues that led them to Carlos. The French police determined that it was the Commando Boudia which had provided logistical support for the attacks. But worse news came on June 7, 1975. Carlos's second-in-command, Michael Waheb Moukharbal, a middle-aged Lebanese accountant, had been arrested by the DST. Carlos was

devastated by the news. Afraid that Moukharbal had sung to the police and blown his cover, he went underground, transferring his weapons and other possessions to another Paris apartment.

His fears were well-founded. The police had found a photograph of Moukharbal and Carlos together, and the suspect was forced to admit that he knew Carlos. But he insisted Carlos was only a low-level operative. The antiterrorist squad of the DST was taken in by the story. They decided to visit Carlos, but didn't realize they were hot on the trail of the most important terrorist in Europe.

The police were so unimpressed with Carlos that they first went to a party for a retiring fellow officer before going to Carlos's apartment to question him, and they left their automatic pistols at headquarters so they wouldn't have to return there to check them in as regulations required. The police were looking for a terrorist mastermind, and fat Carlos didn't fit the picture.

Moukharbal probably thought that if he appeared willing to take the police to Carlos, he could buy his freedom. He had told the police that Carlos was only a rich, wanton young playboy but if they really wanted to question him, he would take them to where Carlos might be staying—Nancy Sanchez's flat on the Rue Toulrier in the Latin Quarter.

In Sanchez's apartment, a party was in progress, and Carlos was getting drunk. Earlier, he had asked one of the young women in the apartment who had tried to move his bag if she wanted to see the contents. Then he dramatically pulled a Czech automatic out of the bag. It was an adventurist act of bravado worthy of the Symbionese Liberation Army's leader, "Field Marshal Cinque."

When the three policemen, led by Inspector Herranz, arrived, Carlos tried to bluff them by hiding behind his playboy image. He offered Inspector Herranz a drink. But his story soon broke down, and Herranz decided to use his trump card. He asked his two officers to bring Moukharbal up to the apartment. Herranz told Carlos that he would have to accompany them back to police headquarters for further questioning. Carlos asked if he could use the bathroom first, and Herranz, who could see that Carlos was drunk, agreed.

Moukharbal was brought into the apartment while Carlos was in the toilet. Carlos emerged from the bathroom with his .38-caliber Czech automatic. Moukharbal started to speak, but Carlos, who had decided that Moukharbal was a traitor, immediately fired two shots, killing him instantly. Running toward the door, Carlos fired two more fatal bullets point-blank at the two policemen. Another shot wounded Inspector Herranz in the neck. Jumping over the bodies, Carlos fired a final shot into the already-dead Mou-

(continued on page 82)



"We've got a problem, Noah, the unicorns are gay."

In the jungles of Paraguay, white "conquistadors" on horseback shoot Indians for sport and sell their teenage daughters in the brothels of Asuncion for \$5 a head. In Colombia, destitute mothers sell their infants to "rich" Yankee baby traders for as much as \$5,000 per child. In Casablanca, men and women, white and black, clad only in flimsy loincloths or transparent veils of gauze, are auctioned "off the block" to eager foreigners whose bidding often climbs higher than \$25,000 for the best-built studs and virgins. In Cairo, Rome and New York, markets are teeming, thriving, growing in volume of sales and ever-climbing prices, still enriching those who traffic in the ancient crime of slavery—the possession and control of another person's body for the purpose of realizing profit, monetary or otherwise.

And not a hell of a lot is being done to stop it, either. Despite continuing efforts at abolition, by such agencies as the French Fédération Abolitioniste Internationale, the English Anti-Slavery Society and the U.N. Human Rights Commission, there are, according to the latest estimates, at least 5 million and perhaps as many as 8 million slaves in the world today. It is difficult to come by more accurate figures, because many countries pay lip service to the idea of abolition but do little or nothing to stop the trade of slaves within or across their borders. Witness the fact that only 85 of 147 United Nations members have ratified the strict 1956 convention against the practice of slavery, though every country has outlawed slavery on its own.

From its sooty Victorian headquarters on London's Vauxhall Bridge Road, the Anti-Slavery Society, successful in its campaign to end slavery in England and the British Empire in 1833, now acknowledges that the declared illegality of slavery hinders its work, making it harder to get information and statistics from offending countries, which refuse to admit that what's outlawed is actually taking place there.

In the past ten years or so, countries have become more sensitive about the traditional form of the crime, chattel slavery, and this practice seems to be diminishing around the world. But it's been replaced by other varieties of bondage, and last year the U.N. Human Rights Commission reported that the total amount of slavery had not decreased since 1967.

This would include, as classified by the U.N., chattel slavery, serfdom, servile forms of marriage (in which children are forced to marry, often in return for a payment to the parents), debt bondage (in which a debt is paid off through labor) and traffic in persons, which is sex slavery, or, as it is often called—the white slave trade.

Along with the Anti-Slavery Society, the major sources of information on slavery are Interpol, whose reports on sex slavery to the U.N. are normally confidential, and the news media, which from time to time unearths flagrant cases, though with little effect in most instances, since the old practitioners duck until the publicity fades or new culprits arrive to take their place. Among recent reports:

- The New York Times noted that in the back country of Brazil, workers



Slave Trade

by Bernard Garfinkel

The billion-dollar international slave market is thriving in 1977: brothels in Buenos Aires, harems in the Sudan, orphanages on Long Island

are forced into debt bondage and made to work on rubber plantations. They suffer untreated from malaria and are brought back to the plantations by local police if they attempt to escape.

●A recent book, *Genocide in Paraguay*, edited by Richard Arens (Temple University Press), documented the mass murder and enslavement of Paraguayan Indians, who are regarded as "animals" by white society and are either hunted down and killed as sport, put into death camps or sold as slaves for as little as \$1.25 a person.

●NBC News reported that a thriving business in selling babies was operating in Bangkok, and though authorities promised to stop it, there was every likelihood that it would continue. Similarly, a London Times reporter recently wrote about buying an eight-year-old boy for the equivalent of \$5 in Sri Lanka (Ceylon).

●A Los Angeles reporter, Robin Lloyd, discovered that porno film producers in Mexico are paying \$25,000 for "fair-skinned" children as young as 11 years old to be used in porno films. Numerous other cases of the subjugation of very young children by porno filmmakers have recently come to light. Eugene Abrams and his wife set up a \$250,000 porno film operation on Long Island using, among other near-infant actors, their 3½-year-old daughter. They pleaded guilty to charges including sodomy, rape and incest.

●The Anti-Slavery Society reported that in 1976, in the African nation of Equatorial Guinea, 100 Nigerian workers were shot for protesting working conditions, and when the Nigerian government flew the remaining Nigerians out of the country, Guinea's president forced his own subjects into slavery to work on the cocoa plantations.

●A Dutch journalist named Piet Vanderhal described in the Rotterdam Observer how he posed as a buyer in order to witness a clandestine slave auction in Casablanca. Held in a large food warehouse in the city's suburbs after business hours, it was run by a Frenchman named Pierre Gallimaux (called "Uncle Claude" by locals after a famed Parisian madam). Gallimaux, the journalist reported, sold slaves in this way twice a month.

On sale were four muscular African tribesmen from Chad, three Chad women and four young European women, one of them a tall, red-haired girl with a voluptuous figure. The men and women were kept in two stockroom cages behind a wooden platform and let out one by one to face the audience as the auctioneer started the bidding. The men wore nothing but cotton loincloths. The women were dressed in short, sheer skirts and bikini tops of a porous, pale yellow material. "Nothing was left to the imagination where the women were concerned," the journalist reported. "In fact, you had to wonder why they wore anything at all—a French sense of style, maybe."

The buyers consisted mainly of locals

who seemed to be affluent in business. There were also two Orientals, reportedly Burmese drug merchants, and a number of Europeans. "I later learned," the journalist reported, "that the Orientals and the Europeans had jetted in on their private planes. They all had to be wealthy because the prices were definitely champagne and caviar. Bidding started at \$15,000 for a white female, \$5,000 for a white male, \$7,000 for a black female and \$3,000 for a black male, and at this auction (as well as others, I was told), the final prices were always at least twice the starting price. The redhead, incidentally, went for \$33,000 to a very thin German with prominent yellowed teeth who kept rubbing his hands together in a peculiar way and saying 'prima, prima' to his neighbors. A textile man from Munich, one of the locals told me. The redhead was English; she'd come to Casablanca as a secretary for a bank, had been drugged and kidnapped one night and thrown into a local brothel for a while to break her down. Since those local joints are six-men-an-hour operations, she must have

**The redhead
went for \$33,000
to a very thin German
with yellowed teeth
who kept rubbing
his hands together and
saying "prima, prima."**

gone through hell. At least, I've rarely seen anything worse than her totally vacant eyes in that quite beautiful face."

Far from being an out-of-the-way thing, the traffic in and practice of slavery takes place everywhere in the world today—in North, Central and South America, in Europe, Africa and the Far East. Chattel slavery persists particularly in countries such as Algeria, Libya, Mauritania, Morocco and Paraguay. It is also prevalent in Pakistan and on the island of Mindanao in the Philippines, where the Muslim Moros have had slaves since the sixteenth century and refuse to give them up.

Debt bondage is widespread in India and Burma and in a number of Central and South American countries, including Nicaragua and Honduras, Colombia and Brazil. (There are those who believe that some migrant workers in America are subjected to this form of slavery.) Children are bought and sold in Africa and the East, in the Middle East and Latin America, and they are forced into marriage, sometimes just after puberty, in these areas and others. The U.S. is a particularly lucrative market for Caucasian Colom-

bian babies, with an estimated figure of 750 slated for "adoption" in 1977. Sex slavery is perhaps the variety that occurs in the widest geographical distribution. It is probably safe to say that there isn't a single country in the world where it doesn't exist.

Slavery began, we can assume, with a cave man dragging off an unwilling female to serve him, sexually and otherwise. It became institutionalized as hunting societies changed to pastoral ones, and landowners needed labor to work their properties. Soon slaves were used as domestics as well as in commerce and industry. Egypt, Greece, Rome, Germans taking "barbarians" from the East, the Islam Empire, Christians on crusades and the many nations that scoured black Africa—all succumbed to the slave rationale of the strong owning the weak, and slavery continued to grow and be accepted as a natural state of affairs. Despite abolition today, this rationale still thrives.

And the cave man impulse continues as well. Women and young boys traditionally have been targets for domination. From early on, prostitutes—male and female—were invariably of the slave class, though female slaves sometimes had the opportunity to rise, to become concubines and even wives. Theodora, who married the emperor Constantine, was a prostitute. In the Islamic world the harem held sway. The number of wives often swelled to 40 or more, and many came from the slave class. In China a man married in his own class, but if his wife failed to bear children, he took a concubine from the lower or slave classes.

Depending on the culture, this male domination of women was more or less absolute, and the slave syndrome sometimes carried over into nonslave society. During the Renaissance, in Sicily, when a baron tired of his wife it was considered proper for him to retire her, usually with a dose of *acqua di Palermo*, an aperitif with an arsenic base. The only duty he had was to see that she had the proper religious rites and the most grandiose funeral that he could arrange.

It is estimated that some 30 percent of all slaves today are sexual slaves, minions in the commercial vice industry, which includes brothels, sex shows, pornographic film and magazine production, massage parlors, escort services, bar hostesses and what-sexual-pleasure-have-you. The operators in this industry range from such far-flung, high-profit organizations as the Mafia and the Union Corse to smaller but still powerful syndicates, groups and one-person setups. In almost every case, what distinguishes these entrepreneurs is their remarkable skill in using fronts to mask their participation.

Within this commercial structure, sex slaves normally move to areas of greatest need. Everywhere in the world, bodies flow from the countryside to urban areas, where the customers are. There are, for

example, one million teenage runaways in America each year, and the vast majority head for the larger cities, New York and Los Angeles in particular.

The vice operators are nothing if not anxious to please their consumers. As Scandinavian girls represent a glorious sexual sunrise in southern Europe and the Middle East, the trade pushes them to these areas. In the Far East, the great points of demand are Hong Kong, Macao, Bangkok, Manila and Taipei. In fact, the routes of the sex slave trade crisscross the globe, from Europe to the Middle East, from Europe to South America and vice versa, from one Far Eastern port to another and from the Far East to other parts of the world.

Though homosexual business in the industry is not negligible, the main transport is in girls for heterosexual use. Who are they? A mixed bag, to say the least, but with some common characteristics. They are mostly young, innocent, naive—and unfortunate. They start out with great hopes, ambition, a sense of romance and adventure. They end up on the bottom rung, usually in a strange city or a foreign country, in a brothel, sex bar or similarly sleazy joint, literally the property of men whose only relationship to them is to see that they function as a piece of sexual meat for other hungry males.

They may have been dancers, singers or actresses, *au pair* girls, domestic servants, secretaries and other corporate workers or, simply, young girls getting away from the home they hated. Perhaps they were working at ordinary jobs in London, Stockholm, Paris or Munich when they were approached by handsome, sincere, sophisticated men who wanted to "help" them. Perhaps they answered advertisements for "good-paying jobs in exotic countries." Perhaps they were sent unsuspecting by relatives to a "wonderful" position in the city and found that instead of cleaning a house or typing letters, they would be selling their bodies.

Sometimes they're literally kidnapped, out of a bar or a movie theater, with the aid of drugs or a Mickey. Sometimes they're taken right off the streets by brute force. Sometimes they accept offers of marriage and travel to a strange city with their fiancés, only to discover that their golden future consists of dirty sheets and a procession of faceless men. And sometimes they're aware of what they're getting into, willing to turn a few tricks for good money for a few months or a year; instead they end up unable to escape until their captors let them go, which is only when, for one reason or another—their looks faded or their heads blank—they're of no further economic value.

In short, in the classic tradition of the game, they're marks who've fallen into the power of those stronger than they are. They have been transformed into merchandise to be controlled, used and traded. Sometimes the control is exercised

physically, through torture and brutality. Sometimes their minds are shaped by drugs, by brainwashing or in other ways, to induce obedience and even enthusiasm, making physical control unnecessary. Sometimes the threat of blackmail keeps them in line, or simply their own overwhelming shame at the fate that's befallen them. And so they become the chief staple in what has been estimated as a \$10-billion-a-year business.

Within the past few years, large-scale white slave operations have been smashed in Paris, Brussels, Bombay and Colombia. This has hardly dented the process, which is well organized and reflects an enormous demand for bodies. What must be kept in mind is that the individual doping, seductions, kidnappings and phony job advertisements are feeding a giant vice machine, the profits from which are staggering. If flesh merchants have to mount many individual forays to get the bodies they need, they will do exactly that.

More and more, in fact, the operators are able to get and keep a girl or boy

The U.S. is a particularly lucrative market for Caucasian Colombian babies, with an estimated 750 slated for "adoption" in 1977.

without relying on physical duress as their main weapon. Instead, they concentrate on inducing what might be called a "slavery of the mind." In these cases, the victim has to have a certain willingness at the start, and this willingness is normally supplied by innocence and/or desperation. A teenage runaway with only a few cents left is normally impelled by both these qualities. Approached by a pimp, a porn filmmaker or a sex show impresario, the innocent is hardly aware of the full extent of his or her fate, while at the same time ready to clutch at any straw. And so the stage is set for the creation of a new sex slave.

Let's examine the case of one teenage girl, a 14-year-old, sweet-faced blonde I'll call Sally Porter. I met Sally in the course of researching this article for *High Times*. "Looking for some fun?" she asked me as we came together at the corner of Eighth Avenue and West 40th Street in New York City, an area called the "Minnesota Strip" by the New York Police Department. The name comes from the fact that ever since Minnesota passed a law punishing a second prostitution offense with a 90-day jail term, Min-

nesota girls have come to haunt this area.

It was, she told me, late afternoon of her third day in New York, and she had exactly three dollar bills and two quarters in her wallet when Jerry, a pimp, spotted her as he was walking through Grand Central Station. As he told her later, that was a terrific break for her because he hardly ever approached a "package" himself. He normally used paid "scouts" to find his ladies. In a dark gray suit, blue buttoned-down shirt and striped tie, he didn't look like too many blacks she knew back home in Kansas City. He looked like a TV announcer.

She went with him. He fed her dinner, then took her back to his good-sized apartment in a new building near Lincoln Center, filled with leather and steel furniture and the largest color TV she'd ever seen. When he pointed to the double bed and said, "Plenty of room for both of us, baby," she just nodded, took her clothes off and jumped in. After they were slippery with sweat and she was moaning almost uninterruptedly, he twisted her into a strange position and did something she never even knew existed. The pain was hot and sharp, and she bit her lips to stifle a scream. She didn't want him to think she hadn't been around.

He had her on the street two days later. She was number five in his stable and she could, he told her, figure on taking in about \$200 a day, four or five straight tricks, one or two specials and extras. Later she realized that she had gotten into "the life" the easy way. From the other girls, she heard stories that really scared her—tales of week-long drug-and-sex parties, gang bangs that were set up to initiate the "packages" scouts found. It was a simple idea, really. After you spent a week in a pimp's bedroom taking on all his friends—and the delivery boys, too—you could hardly think about going back into the straight world.

But Sally was still agreeable to the situation six months later, even though she didn't see Jerry for more than the few minutes it took to hand over her earnings, and she lamented the fact that he hardly ever touched her—only the number-one girl was his lady. Sally's life was on an even keel now; she felt that Jerry was around to take care of any problems that might come up. And if, as happened now and then, he got angry enough to beat her unmercifully with his "pimp stick"—two wire hangers twisted together to make a metal whip that would have delighted any concentration camp guard—well, she'd deserved it, and at least it showed he cared about her.

Sally came from a broken home, like most runaways, and the life of a pro, being taken care of by her pimp, was a perfect response to her insecurities. As Dr. Warren Gaddaille has pointed out in his book, *The Cycles of Sex*, adolescence ends when a person has formed a stable be-
(continued on page 88)

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Dear Folks,
Thanks for better week-ends. We took an iso-2 stash up to our cabin and had a blast. Then we started making pine incense and our own spices; don't know how we did without it before.



Tim K. (store owner) Glendale, Calif.
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Hey Guys,
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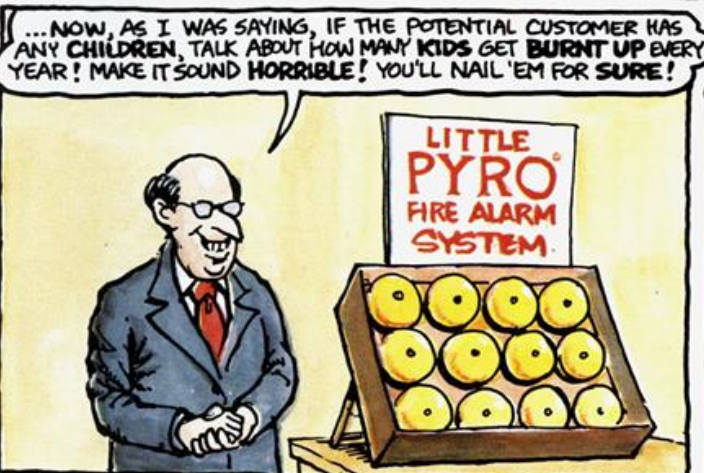
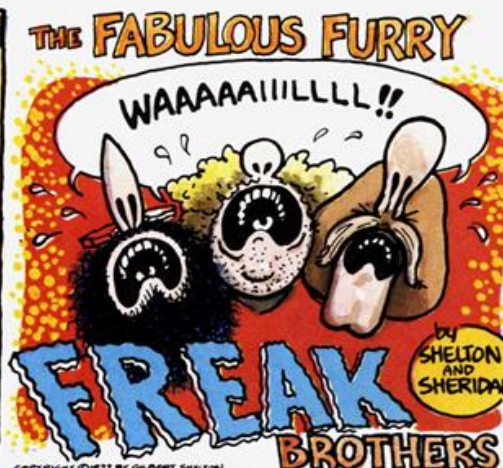
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YOU GUYS SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES, PULLING SUCH A SCAM ON POOR SCARED FOLKS!



WE OUGHTA TAKE THESE GUYS AND...

HEY, WAIT JUST A MINUTE, BUB! THAT'S OUR JOBS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



LET'S JUST PUT THIS **LOONY** IN THE **STORAGE ROOM** SO WE CAN GET BACK TO **BUSINESS!!**



... NOW, IF ANY OF THE POTENTIAL CUSTOMERS ASK TO HEAR THE ALARM, JUST EXPLAIN TO THEM THAT THE NOISE IS SO LOUD AND PIERCING THAT THE ALARM IS SET TO RING ONLY FOR A REAL FIRE!



THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE BUT HUNDREDS OF THOSE DAMN **FIRE ALARMS!**

I COULD STARVE TO DEATH IN HERE IF NO ONE LETS ME OUT!!

I SURE WISH I HAD SOMETHING TO SMOKE!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL SET OFF ONE OF THESE **ALARMS** TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF SOMEONE OUT IN THE HALL!

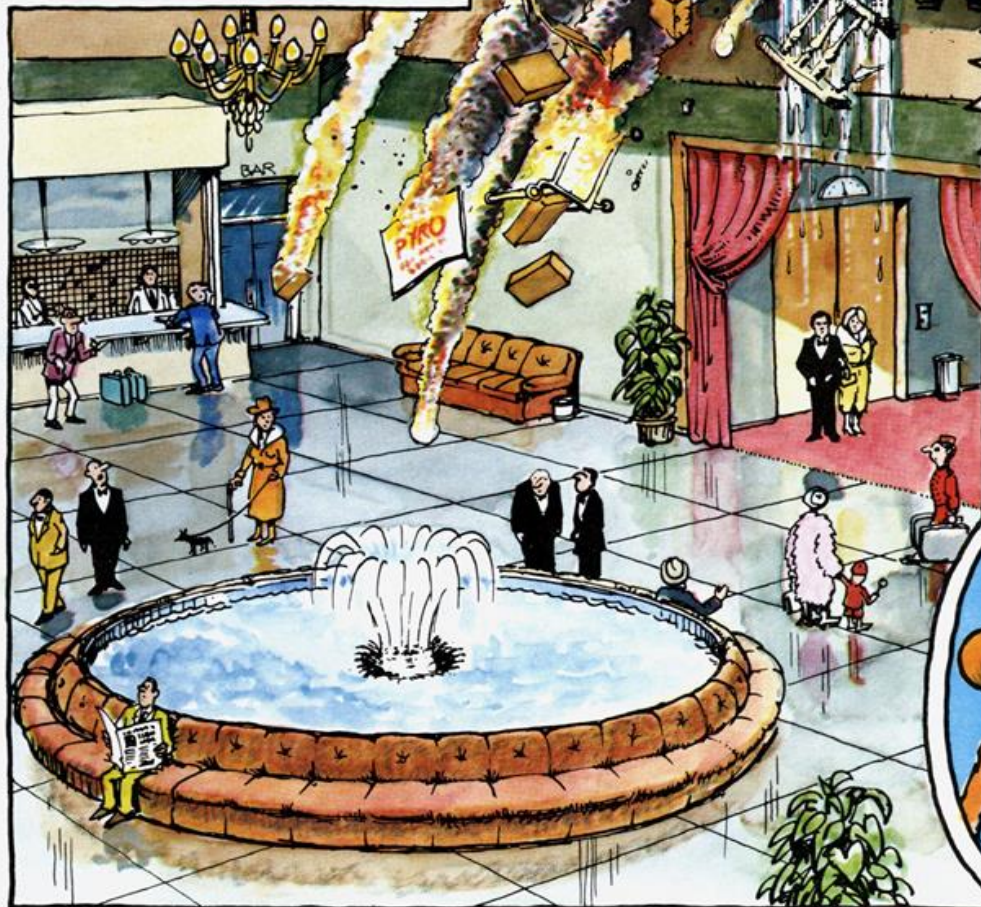
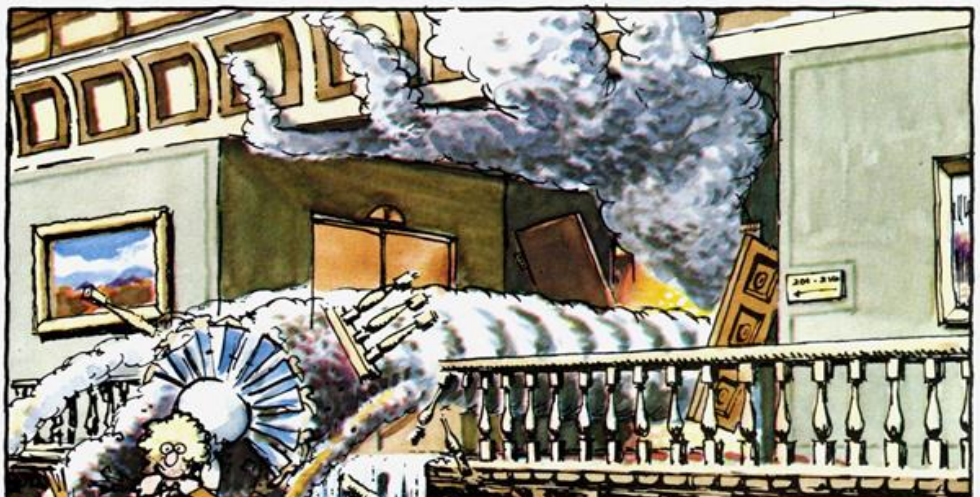


THEY'RE CATCHING ON FIRE! THEY'RE MADE OUT OF **PLASTIC!** OH MY GOSH! **FIRE! SHRIEK!**



...AND THE MAN WHO GETS THE MOST SIGNED CONTRACTS TAKES HOME THE COVETED **TEN-DOLLAR-BILL TREE!** WE DON'T CARE HOW AGED, POOR, INFIRM OR SENILE THE SIGNATORIES ARE...





AND ON THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE NEWS, THE SWANK DUCKWORTH HILTON HOTEL WAS NARROWLY SAVED FROM TOTAL DESTRUCTION TODAY WHEN A FIRE BROKE OUT DURING A DEMONSTRATION OF FIRE ALARMS IN A MEETING ROOM...

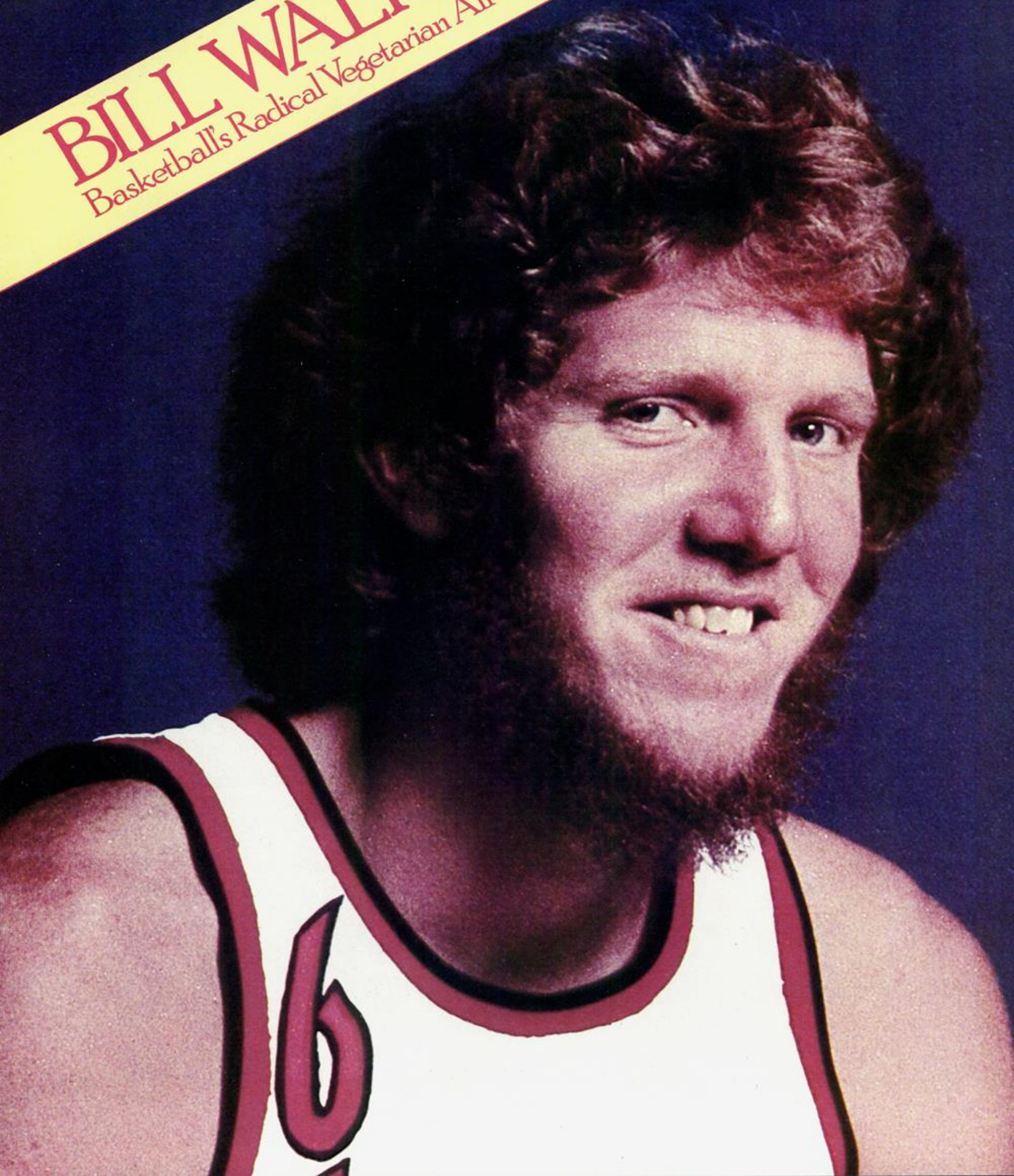


THE END



BILL WALTON:

Basketball's Radical Vegetarian All-Star



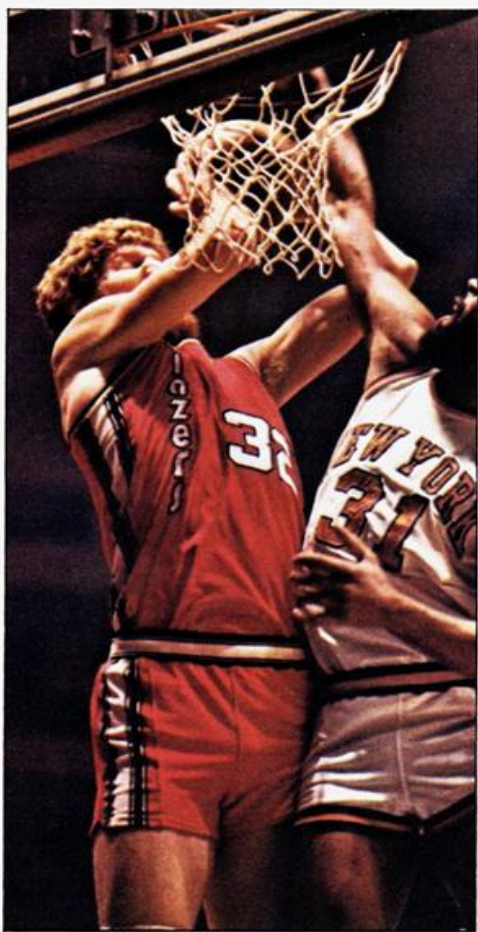


Dorothy Affa / Sport

Bill Walton looks about as comfortable on the basketball court as Bigfoot in a fishbowl. His arms are constantly flailing, and his impassioned leaps to the boards look like desperate escapes from the sweaty, flesh-strewn battlefield below. He'd really rather be home sitting on his favorite rocking chair, nestled between two stereo speakers, listening to the Grateful Dead, munching on a slice of vegetarian pizza, reading Mahatma Gandhi, letting his hair grow long. In April 1975, Walton was grilled by the FBI about his friends Jack and Micki Scott, radical sports activists suspected of harboring Patty Hearst the summer before at a farmhouse near Philadelphia. Since the interrogation, the radical radish-eater has continually stumbled while in the blinding glare of the limelight. When the Portland Trail Blazers bought him he was the number one draft choice in the nation, but since then Walton has suffered through health problems, injuries, political harassment and rookie nerves. "So he's a radical, a vegetarian, and a Deadhead—big deal," complained one sports fan between tokes. "But can he play basketball?"

This year, with his roller-coaster motions, jackhammer shots, steam-shovel rebounds and rapid-fire passes, Walton, the consummate team player, drove the Blazers to second place in the NBA Pacific Division. After a rousing four-game sweep against the first-place Los Angeles Lakers in the semifinal play-offs, the stoic center carried Portland to the NBA championship over the favored Philadelphia 76ers. After finally earning his stardom, Walton took off for a well-deserved vacation in Hawaii. "The last time I saw him he was riding his bike in the back hills of Maui," a close friend confided. Then it was home to Portland, where he relaxed in the rented, five-room communal A-frame he shares with his brother Andy, Jack and Micki, his wife Susan and their two-year-old son Adam. He refused all interviews during his summer vacation, content to let the press ponder the future of a superstar center whose career almost missed the bucket by a longshot.

When he was star center for UCLA coach John Wooden, Walton's size, strength and prowess got him named the nation's outstanding collegiate player in 1973. But in



Kevin Fitzgerald / Sport

by Harry Wasserman

the pros, he dribbled over the public's expectations, spending the first two years of a five-year contract with the Blazers plagued by a seemingly unending series of mishaps and injuries. In his rookie year he suffered a jammed finger on the left hand and a bone spur on the left ankle. He missed 20 games and ended his season prematurely. He was sidelined in his second season by a few dislocated fingers, a bad right ankle, an eye injury and a stress fracture on the right leg, all of which contributed to the Blazers amassing the worst record in the West last year.

If Walton had been born with a third arm and a third leg, maybe his latest season would also be kaput. But luckily for the Blazers, he ran out of appendages to smash up. His pal Phil Shinnick, who founded the progressive Sports for the People organization with Jack Scott and was jailed for refusing to testify to a Scranton grand jury about Patty Hearst, put Walton on a weight-gaining program and helped him recover from his wounds before the start of this year's victorious season.

Nearly seven feet tall, crowned with a bramble bush of tousled red hair, Walton stands head and shoulders above any crowd by his looks alone. But his high political awareness and spiritual consciousness make him seem to stand even taller. He attracted nationwide headlines when arrested during his sophomore sea-



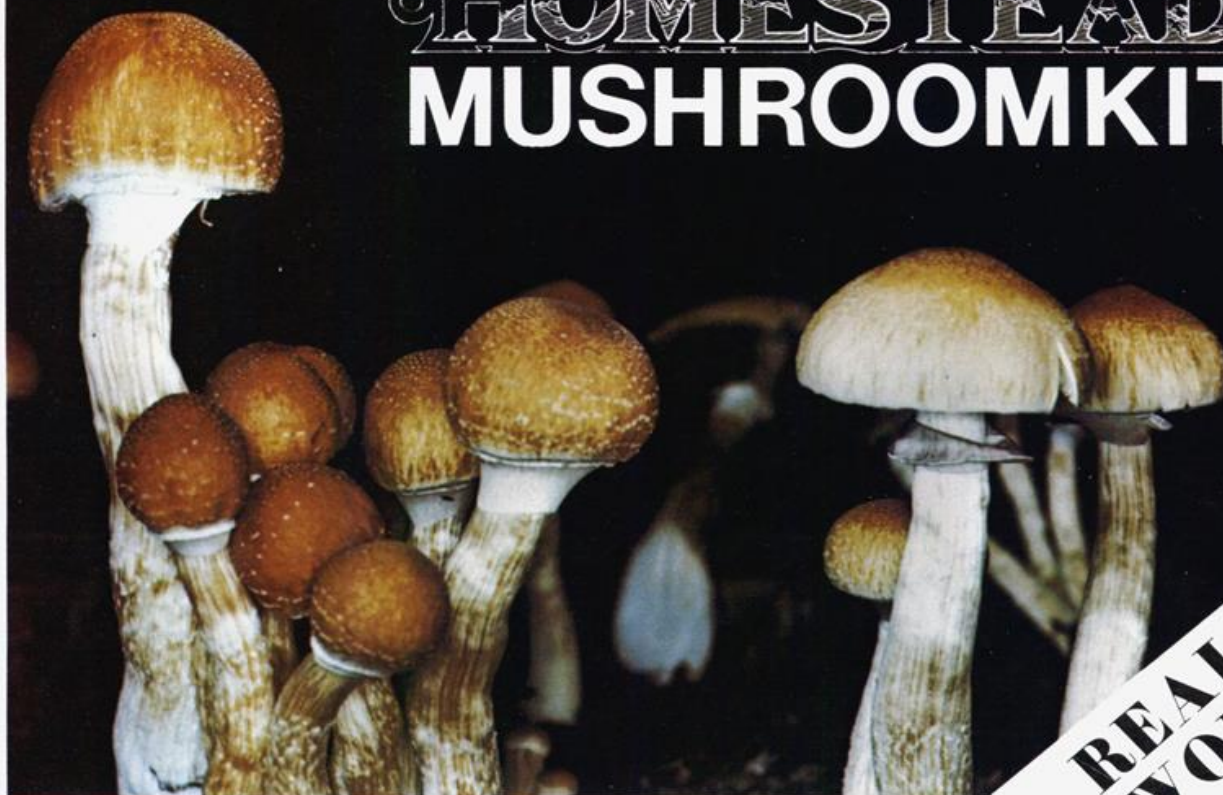
Dorothy Affa / Sport

son at UCLA for participating in a campus protest against the U.S. bombing of Cambodia. While still in college he became a vociferous civil rights advocate and caused quite a ruckus when he was quoted as saying he wouldn't blame the blacks in the United States for taking up arms and gunning down all the whites, including himself. "I'm not really a sports fan myself," Walton was quoted as saying at the time. "I think there are other things more important." He said that eventually he wanted to do something more "significant" than playing basketball, like becoming a Kunstleresque civil rights attorney.

Since those days of undergraduate notoriety Walton has refused most interviews. He has tried publicly to defuse his incipient stardom by emphasizing that an individual player is useless without his team. "It hurts me when people talk like I'm the only player on the team," said Walton in a rare moment of candor. "I don't like to be singled out individually because we don't play as individuals—we play as a team." He went so far as to refuse to pose for a Sports Illustrated cover unless the entire UCLA team could be photographed with him. And he turned down the \$2-million contract the ABA offered him while he was still in college. "I don't want to turn pro until after I graduate," he said. "My teammates are also my friends. I want to know them and enjoy them as long as I can." Or maybe he was anticipating the \$2.5 million that the NBA would offer him upon graduation.

Walton was born and raised in a middle-class Catholic family in the San Diego suburb of La Mesa. If Bill hadn't made it big as a basketball star, he and the rest of the Waltons could have joined the circus as a troupe of dancing bears. His father Ted, supervisor for the county welfare department, is a husky 6'4", his brother Bruce is a tackle for the NFL's Dallas Cowboys, and their sister Cathy, at 5'11", was once a center for the women's varsity team at UC-Berkeley. The Waltons eat, sing and camp together, just like the Waltons on TV. But in real life there's no Walton Mountain, although because of his size Bill's teammates call him the Mountain Man. At only 24, Bill "Mountain Man" Walton has just begun to attain his peak. ■

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Confessions of a DEA Agent

(continued from page 53)

strict guidelines. You're only supposed to listen to the types of calls that the court order specifies. If you're listening to the line of a suspected heroin pusher, and he calls up his girlfriend from the supermarket to ask her what kind of meat to buy for dinner, that call is supposed to be "minimized." The tape recorder should be shut off and your monitor should be temporarily terminated.

But in my experience, that just never happens. Agents use what's called the "bullet technique." You wedge a bullet from your service gun into the tape belt, so that the tape stops running but you can still hear the conversation. That way, you're sure not to miss anything. It's illegal even to listen, but no one's ever going to be able to prove anything.

Another wiretap trick involves what we call "editing," which is actually doctoring the log sheets and transcripts of the tapes. Say an agent or local cop who is monitoring the tape—because someone has to be there physically logging in each call while the tap is on—isn't well enough disciplined, or more likely, not properly trained. It takes a fair amount of intelligence and discrimination to follow court guidelines on minimization. Now this guy's sitting there listening to this telephone line for, say, two months. Once in a while, if he's careless, he records a conversation that he's not supposed to be monitoring.

Okay, we've got a good case, and the D.A.'s getting ready to go into court. He takes a close look at the evidence because he doesn't want any slip-ups, and what does he find but all these calls that should have been minimized but weren't, and he knows his case is going to be thrown out on a technicality. That's when the log sheets and transcripts get "edited." It's too difficult to erase the tapes themselves.

I know this happens, because it was reported to the U.S. Attorney's office that Thomas Dwyer, Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County, Massachusetts, also head of the Suffolk County Investigation and Prosecution Project, and Roger Emanuelson, another assistant D.A., gave direct orders to an agent to doctor log sheets and transcripts to show that each call was minimized correctly: that the conversations were not monitored, that they were terminated when they were supposed to be and that conversations which were illegally recorded were shown not to be recorded. But nothing has been done about it, except that 2 out of the 23 defendants involved in the case were released. The original tapes, log sheets and transcripts as well as the edited versions are now in the possession of DEA Internal Security. If the defense lawyers ever got a hold of them, I imagine

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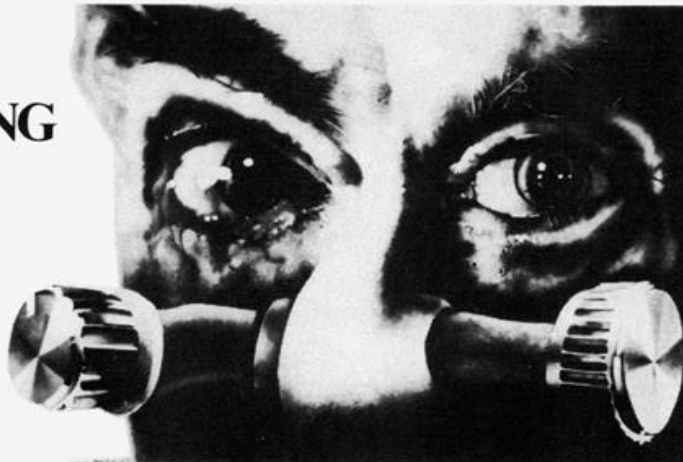
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all these people would have to be let off.

The Justice Department has made Suffolk County District Attorney Garrett H. Byrne aware that this problem exists within his office. But after nine months, nothing has been done about it.

To be honest, all this corruption has begun to make me sick. You've got to fight a losing battle if you want to be an honest law enforcement officer, even on the federal DEA level. But I don't think the answer is in abolishing the agency. And I don't believe the DEA should be attached to the FBI, as some have proposed. I think it's high time that marijuana and cocaine were legalized, because it's a fact that these drugs are accepted by society at large, and there's no question that they're pretty harmless.

The agency's energies should be spent going after the really heavy stuff, like heroin—and at the source, the big, heavily financed organizations. The only way to do that is to recruit qualified agents, train them properly with a healthy respect for the law and for individual civil liberties and give them a clean environment to work in. You'll never be able to do that until you eliminate the heavy political battles from the DEA headquarters in Washington.

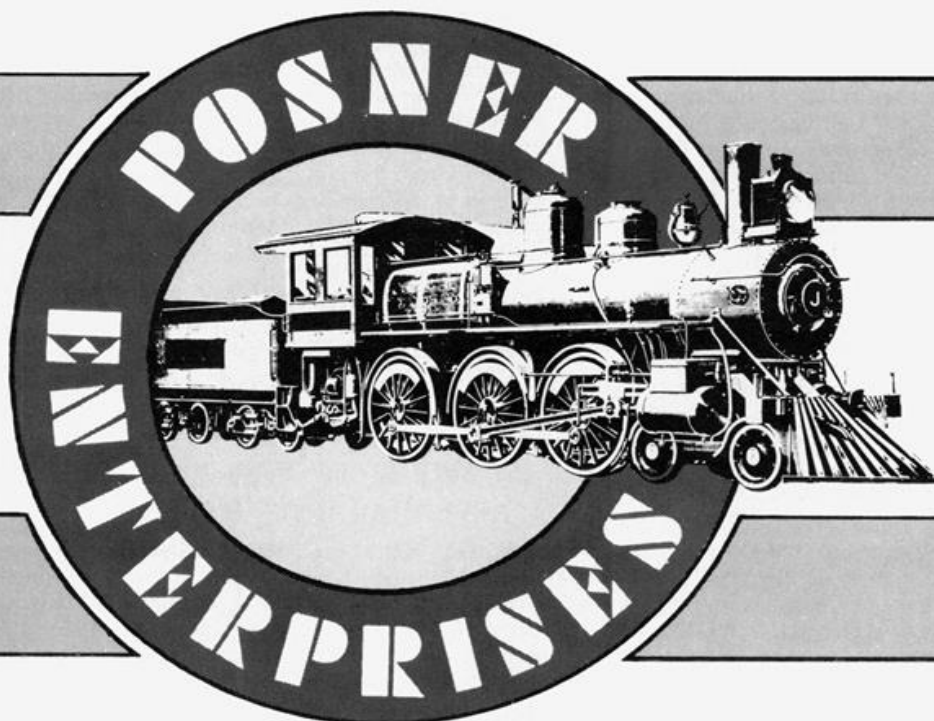
Right now you have a tremendous amount of internal strife because there are so many factions warring against each other. Ex-Federal Bureau of Narcotics agents, ex-Bureau of Drug Abuse Control agents, ex-Customs agents: they all have different points of view. They're always at each other's throats, virtually fragmenting the agency. Plus, most of those guys down in Washington are supergrades, they've been around so long—GS 15's, 16's and 17's. You've got all chiefs and no Indians. In my opinion, a bunch of assholes are in key positions, making decisions about the enforcement of drug laws, when in fact, most of them have little or no practical experience in narcotics control. They've never been out in the field; they don't know what's involved. Bensinger sounds good. But he's a political appointee; he's not a cop. And don't forget, Bensinger is stuck with a lot of Bartels' old staff.

I believe the main mission of the DEA should be to put major heroin dealers behind bars. Now they spend all their money on public relations, liaison work, everybody having a good time.

One last bit of information. Each month, every DEA agent has to fill out a regional progress report: drug activity in that region, amount of drugs seized, bought or purchased, etc. At the end there's a price list for each district office to fill out, and—no shit—most of the DEA prices are taken directly from the Trans-High Market Quotations in *High Times*. If I was filling out my report, and I didn't have a copy of *High Times*, I'd send somebody out to buy one. It saves a lot of leg work. ☐

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Better Telepathy Through Chemistry

(continued from page 56)

their project, the two investigators utilized LSD and psilocybin.

Subjects for the tests were first selected during initial interviewing and then were invited to return to participate in the experiments. They were asked to sit in a comfortable room where they were given mild doses of one of the hallucinogens. After the drug had taken effect, they were asked to describe pictures sealed in closed envelopes. These pictures were surrealistic, especially designed to appeal to the unworldliness of the psychedelic experience. Among the target pictures were a baby doll's head in a glass, a hand with a tiny hand emerging from between two of its fingers, a key held in clenched teeth, a foot balancing a glass eye and so on.

Despite the care with which the experiments were run, Cavanna and Servadio soon discovered that only rarely did their subjects get any impressions that were linked to the target. It seemed as though ESP was not operating at all. Sometimes—though very rarely—there were vague hits. One subject guessed "gargoyles" when the target was a picture of a caricaturelike doll. The best response of the whole project came from one man who had been given LSD. The target was the picture of the hands described above. He reported, "... from a black thing the finger points of the huge hand come out."

These "hits" were very scattered, and it is not difficult to believe that coincidence could account for them. So Cavanna and Servadio gave up their project, but they did write a monograph, *ESP Experiments with LSD 25 and Psilocybin*, which was published by the Parapsychology Foundation in 1964.

Because of the tight legal regulations on even scientific LSD research, the search for a relationship between psychic ability and the hallucinogens stopped prematurely a decade ago. Now, however, parapsychologists are focusing a not-too-disinterested eye on LSD-in-

duced psychic effects thanks to some startling discoveries recently announced by one of this country's leading LSD authorities, Dr. Stanislav Grof. Dr. Grof's work is bound to reopen the entire issue.

Dr. Grof has been involved in investigating several different aspects of LSD over the years. He began his research in Czechoslovakia in 1956, and from 1967 to 1973 he continued his explorations at the Maryland Psychiatric Research Center. He is now associated with the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California.

Dr. Grof's recent book, *Realms of the Human Unconscious: Observations from LSD Research*, is creating quite a stir among both his professional colleagues and the parapsychologist community. He

**The volunteer
was given mescaline
and was asked
to describe objects
hidden in boxes.
Several of these trials
were extremely successful.**

claims that he has witnessed an entire hierarchy of ESP effects. For example, he has stated that his subjects sometimes begin to identify with their own ancestors and "convey specific information that was unknown to the subject, and, in some instances, not even accessible to him at the time of the session."

Other subjects, claims Grof, identify with animals and seem to gain an unexplained and apparently extrasensory understanding and knowledge of their physiology and behavior.

One of Dr. Grof's most spectacular cases concerns a 50-year-old psychologist named Nadja who was undergoing an LSD training session. During her experience, she relived a series of events in the life of her mother and mentally reenacted a scene where her mother was hiding

under a staircase in fear, when suddenly someone put a hand over her mouth. Asking her mother about the incident, the elder woman verified the accuracy of the scene as her daughter had relived it. Was this ESP or perhaps even genetic memory? Of course, genetic memory is an issue easily as controversial as ESP.

Dr. Grof worked more intensively with another subject named Renata, who during LSD therapy began reliving scenes from seventeenth-century Czechoslovakia. She described people, scenes, historical facts and architecture of the period, although she had never studied this particular epoch of Czech history. Grof himself spent hours trying to verify the impressions and facts related to him by his patient and gradually was able to corroborate a vast number of them.

He also reports, as mentioned above, that LSD subjects often seem to create a psychic bond with animal life: "It is not uncommon," Grof writes, "for subjects reporting evolutionary experiences to manifest a detailed knowledge of the animals with whom they have identified—of their physical characteristics, habits and behavior patterns—that far exceeds their educations in the natural sciences. On occasion, subjects have accurately described courtship dances, complicated reproductive cycles, techniques of nest-building, patterns of aggression and defense and many zoological and ethological facts about the animals they have experienced in sessions."

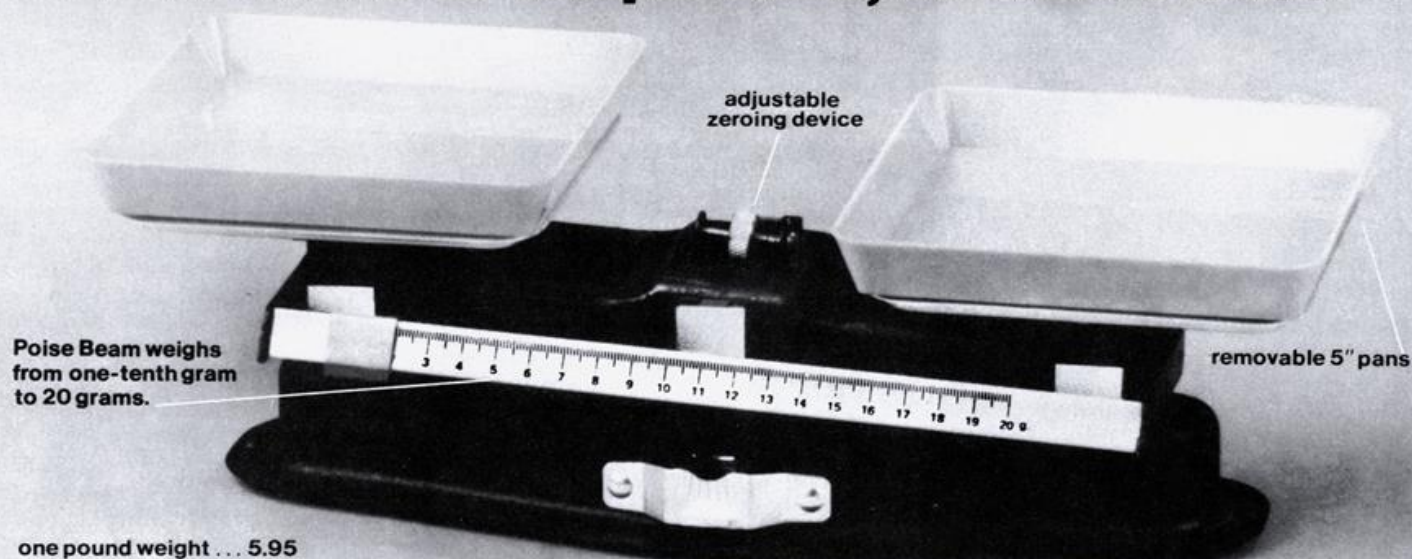
Dr. Grof admits, all in all, that the experimental research on the LSD-ESP question has been mixed. Nevertheless, in light of the results of his own work, he offers no apologies when concluding in his book that "states conducive to various paranormal phenomena and characterized by unusually high incidence of ESP are, however, among the many alternative conditions that can be facilitated by the drug."

The reason for Grof's success may lay in the fact that, unlike Cavanna and Servadio, he has never tried to force ESP out into the open. Instead he has simply allowed it to manifest itself in the course of his therapeutic work. This free and undemanding setting might be necessary for ESP to become evident.

Clearly, more research is needed. Even if a relationship between ESP and LSD—or any other drug for that matter—is found, what will it tell us about the ESP process? Whatever else it may be, ESP is an unconscious process, and the main problem is coaxing it out into the open. Drugs will never be the total solution, only a temporary catalyst. It is not the drug that helps manifest the ESP, but the state of mind the drug produces. If ESP is a product of a specific state of mind, as many parapsychologists now believe, then LSD will not be a means in itself. It will be a tool, to aid researchers in understanding farther reaches of the mind. ■



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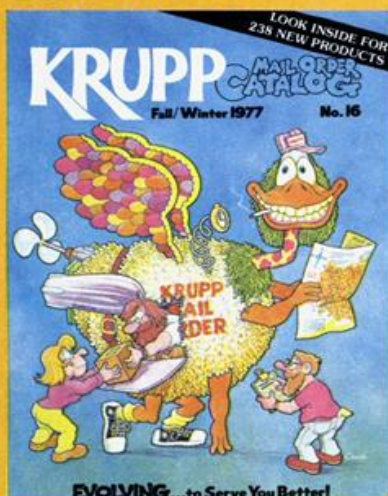
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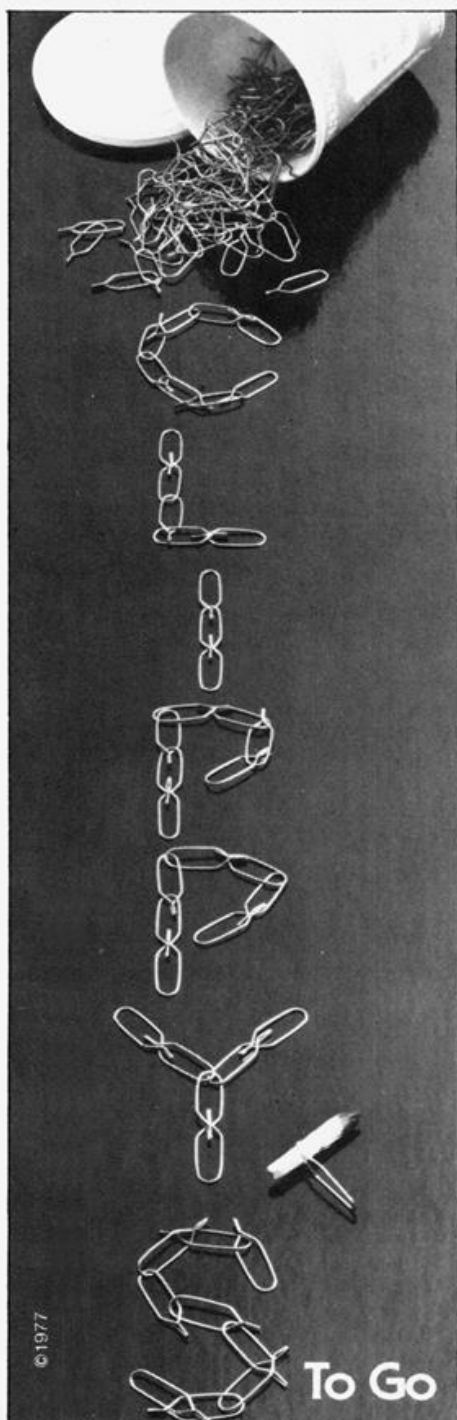
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Carlos

(continued from page 66)

kharbal. He escaped by jumping over the balcony of the building.

The next morning, in the midst of one of the biggest manhunts in French history, Carlos nonchalantly showed up in the busy Les Invalides air terminal in the heart of Paris. He went up to Angela Armstrong, another of his girlfriends, who, by a quirk of fate, was standing in line to buy tickets. Throwing his arm around her shoulder, Carlos asked her, "Have you heard the news?" She hadn't. He began talking so quickly in Spanish that Angela couldn't understand him, so she asked him to speak in English. Slowly, Carlos said, "I've killed two men. The Arab bastard betrayed me. I kill all those who betray me. I'm going to the Middle East." Before Angela could say anything, he walked away and disappeared. By now the press was calling this illusive, violent fugitive "Carlos the Jackal," after Frederick Forsyth's espionage thriller, *The Day of the Jackal*, a copy of which was left behind by Carlos and discovered by police in Angela Otaola's London apartment.

Carlos escaped from France to Algeria, possibly with the help of Cuban intelligence agents. He made his way to Marseilles and took a fruit boat across the Mediterranean to Algiers. While he cooled out under the admiring and watchful eye of President Houari Boumedienne of Algeria, Arab propaganda began to build the Carlos myth. Carlos had again scored a propaganda coup, forcing the world to pay attention to the Palestinian cause. During his stay in Algiers, he began plotting his next action with the help of Wadi Haddad, the PFLP military strategist. It was to be the raid on the Vienna headquarters of OPEC, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries.

Carlos approached Dr. Haddad in the fall of 1975 with an offer to attack the OPEC oil ministers' biennial conference. His plan was to kidnap the ministers and ransom dapper Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Sheikh Ahmad Zaki Yamani and Iran's tough Minister of the Interior (and nominal head of the savage Iranian secret police, SAVAK), Jamshid Amuzegar, whose responsibilities included oil.

Haddad was elated. The feudal Arab nations were the other enemies who didn't sufficiently abide with his policies in battling Israel. And there had been a precedent, the Palestinian assassination of Jordanian Prime Minister Wasfi al-Tal in Cairo in 1971.

On December 21, 1975, a PFLP attack squad easily crossed the border from Italy into Austria during the beginning of hectic Christmas travel. The six members of the squad, including one woman and a driver who ferried their weapons, each carried passports that had been forged by experts.

Carlos was craftier in other ways. Now a mature 26, he had lost his baby fat and likely had plastic surgery to remove his heavy jowls and double chin. Being on the run, he had shed more than a few pounds. This, together with a mustache, sideburns and a goatee—all dyed rust-colored—made any resemblance to his wanted picture unlikely. All that remained of the childlike Carlos was his great nose and thick lips. The remake was topped off, as before, with dark, round-lensed glasses.

When the six terrorists arrived in Vienna, they were dressed in casual sports clothes. Carlos wore a long white trenchcoat over a brown leather jacket, a blue turtleneck sweater and a black Basque beret. As the casually dressed crew walked into the OPEC building that Sunday morning, a reporter noted that some of them were dark-skinned. "Here comes the Angolan delegation," he joked.

The only security forces in the building consisted of two aging policemen. Inspectors Josef Janda and Anton Tichler of the Austrian State Police Bureau. They were caught unawares, chatting as blurred bodies outside a floor-to-ceiling, opaque glass wall materialized through a sliding door with Makarov automatics and Beretta machine-pistols drawn. A drowsy receptionist, out late the night before, was answering a call as the gunmen stormed the area. Edith Heller initially saw two young men, one holding a submachine gun and the other pointing a pistol at her, demanding: "Where's the conference room?" Then the shooting started.

During a four-minute stretch in which three people were killed—two by the woman terrorist—Heller ducked under her desk, bravely taking the phone off her desk with her left hand. Over the noisy gunfire, she called the police to scream their plight.

"This is OPEC. They're shooting all over the place," she said.

A terrorist heard her, pointed his pistol at her head and then shifted his aim to blast the telephone, the switchboard receiver and the board itself. Her ears ringing, Edith Heller got up shaking—but with her life.

Not so lucky was Inspector Tichler, the first to die. He had seized the barrel of Carlos's Beretta, almost succeeding in wrenching it away before being thrown off. The inspector tried to get away by using an elevator, but the woman terrorist saw him and asked in English, "Are you a policeman?"

As soon as Tichler confessed that he was, she shot him in the back of the neck from four feet away. Pushing his body down to the elevator floor, she punched the "down" button. When the elevator reached the ground floor, its doors opened automatically, and Tichler rolled out. It was right out of a scene from a grade-B spy film.

The woman terrorist next killed Ala

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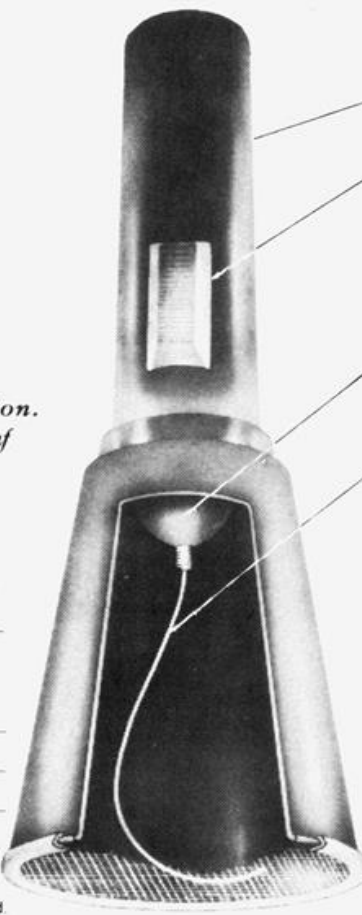
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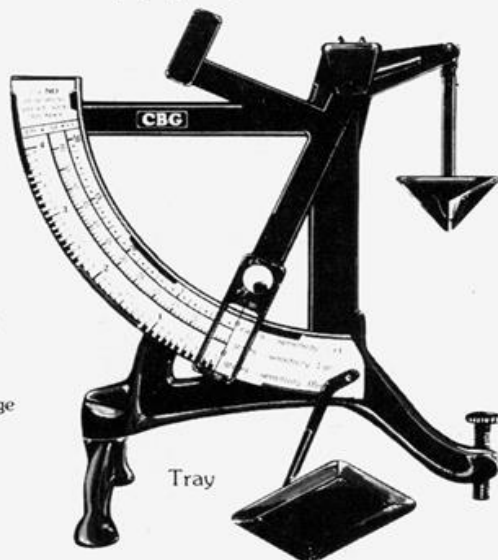
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Hassan, the bodyguard of the Iraqi oil minister. Hassan attempted to disarm the woman by grabbing her gun arm. But she pulled out a second pistol from her belt with her free hand and shot the tall Iraqi, killing him with one bullet, which passed through his elbow into his face.

Meanwhile, Carlos had grabbed the other security man, Inspector Janda, and was running with him down the first floor corridor, his machine-pistol tattooing the ceiling, sending frightened OPEC employees behind their office desks. In a darkened office—the wiring had been shot out—Carlos next came upon a Libyan government bureaucrat. The pair were both startled, but the Libyan acted first.

He grabbed Carlos's gun so hard that he pulled it out of his hands. But the gun's shoulder strap, which had now slipped to Carlos's waist, held firm, and Carlos was able to grab it back. He quickly pulled a pistol from his belt holster with his other hand and, now enraged, fired five shots into the Libyan, spinning him around with the force of the bullets. Carlos later expressed regret that he had killed a Libyan, a national of a revolutionary Arab state, adding that the man's rash act might have taken place because he thought Carlos was Jewish. "It's my nose, you see," Carlos said later.

While all of this was going on, the oil ministers had been sitting behind their little flags around a long oval table in their conference room. Suddenly, a strange-looking man wearing a large fur hat entered and began peppering the ceiling with bullets. The oil moguls dived to the floor. For a few seconds there was total silence, broken by a voice asking in English, "Have you found Yamani?" Other, less important people were herded into the large conference room by the terrorists. There was more automatic rifle fire, followed by several explosions, which brought sharp, acrid fumes billowing into the room.

Inspector Janda had remained alive, and, in fact, found himself alone in an office where Carlos had pushed him. He coolly phoned headquarters with the crisp message: "Criminal Officer Janda, department one, OPEC attack. Shooting with machine-pistols." The police were quickly on the scene, led by the Austrian equivalent of a SWAT team, known as the *Einsatzkommando* (Special Command), whose members wear German World War II-style helmets but are equipped, ironically, with the latest Israeli Uzi sub-machine guns. Three of the commandos quickly got into a reception area exchange with Hans-Joachim Klein, a German member of the Baader-Meinhof Gang who had joined Carlos's crew.

Klein got the lead commando in the ass, but the terrorist was wounded in the stomach when a ricocheting bullet shattered off his gun butt into him. He remained conscious to shout warnings that "everybody would be killed," but the last

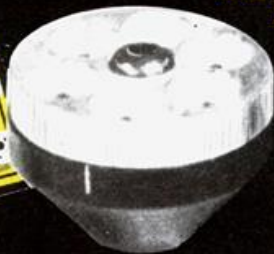
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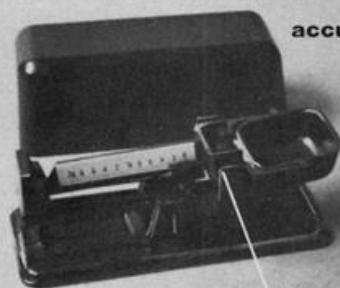
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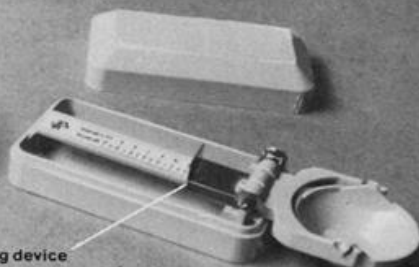
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shots of the OPEC raid had been fired.

Over the next 48 hours, Carlos strutted on the world's center stage, playing the fool to dozens of nervous comrades and enemies. Yet he joked and controlled the situation to the extent of identifying himself: "Tell them I'm from Venezuela. My name is Carlos. Tell them I'm the famous Carlos! They know me."

Such bravado was all the more brazen because a trio of Western governments had successfully refused to negotiate with terrorists in the previous three months. But oil ministers and their aides are pretty hot trump cards. Mediation began when Carlos accepted Iraqi Chargé d'Affaires Riyadh Al-Azzawi as the chief negotiator. But discussions almost collapsed when Carlos became furious over a meal of ham sandwiches; Muslims are forbidden pork.

Carlos also had to deal with the problem of the wounded Klein, whom Chancellor Kreisky saw as his ace. Early the next day, he was taken to a hospital where doctors were astounded he lived. The terrorists would not leave without Klein, although doctors said any move would kill him. So, on the third morning, after President Boumédiène of Algeria said he would accept the terrorists, the Austrian hostages were exchanged for Klein. Forty-two captives, including 12 oil ministers, flew out of Vienna with the terrorists in an Austrian Airlines DC-9. In Algiers, the non-Arab hostages were released, although Carlos had agreed to free them all there.

This put Boumédiène on the spot. For some reason, like a triumphant general of antiquity displaying his spoils, Carlos wanted to fly to Libya, Syria and Iraq with his 15 remaining prizes. But the Libyans weren't in a welcoming mood. Carlos's last grandstand play failed, and when he was bluffed into believing the plane had insufficient fuel to go on to Baghdad, he relinquished control and another terrorist took over the completion of the 100-hour-plus ordeal.

Back in Algiers, a large ransom from Saudi Arabia and Iran became the final demand. And with the payment of a reputed \$5-50 million, Carlos temporarily left the theater of the Seventies, like the shifting sands of the vast Middle East wastelands.

Where has Carlos been since the OPEC raid? Rumors spread that Libyan President Mu'ammar al-Qaddafi was behind the OPEC affair, and that he retired the now too-well-known terrorist to a Mediterranean seaside villa. The New York Times reported in September 1976 that Carlos had been spotted passing through Yugoslavia on his way to Baghdad and an unknown final destination.

Straight out of central casting, Carlos has spurned his bourgeois background to become a near-mythic terrorist of Hollywood star quality. As his Marxist father said during the OPEC siege: "My son has become a general." ■

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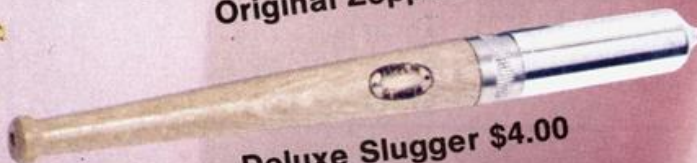
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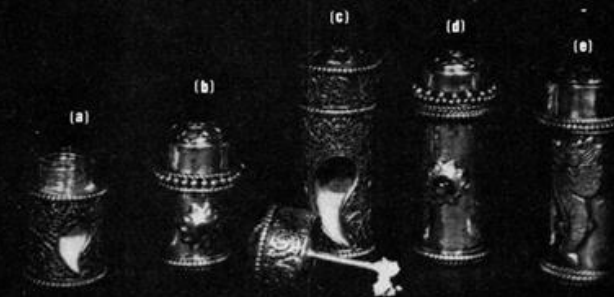
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Slave Trade

(continued from page 69)

havioral pattern, chosen an identity, adopted an "irreversible" sexual position and "revised his or her internal value system to fit a unique self." All of these conditions were met for Sally in her new occupation as a prostitute, and it is highly unlikely that she, or the thousands of others like her, will find the strength to break away.

Though commercial sex slavery predominates in this world picture, there is another variety, that of the pathological deviate whose sexual pleasure comes precisely from the opportunity to physically control and enslave another person, to inflict the most bloodthirsty punishments, up to and including the ultimate punishment pleasure, death.

And if snuff films haven't been made yet, it's almost a sure thing that they will, since profit and perversion call the shots in the world of sex and slavery. The worst will happen. But the parochial reader should not get the idea that America is a land of excess in respect to child pornography and deranged sex killers. The rest of the world is right up there with us. In Hong Kong, there are 23 Suzy Wong bars and hundreds of others with less evocative names. They're all stocked with young, eager-to-please girls, many of whom were sold into sex slavery when they were 15 or 16. Ditto Bangkok, Macao, Paris, Dusseldorf, et al. It isn't just the ugly American that has a perpetual hard-on, it's the whole world. And for a sad slant on things as they are, it's hard to beat Hong Kong's so-called finger bars, where bottomless belles conveniently station themselves to help elderly gentlemen perform the only sexual feat they're still capable of. The dream dies hard.

In Israel, prostitution and pornography are booming. In Rome, porno films get turned out on the assembly line, and there's only a fuss when it gets political, or a presumably young and idealistic filmmaker shows nuns and priests copulating. Meanwhile, the city's newsstands are crammed with much worse smut, and the city's pros are no longer shy, midnight creatures, but advertise in tight dresses on the best streets.

And in Moscow, specially-trained KGB girls, taught in a "highly technical" intelligence school exactly how to perform sexually, can be found at the bars of hotels such as the Intourist. In their minds, presumably, they are doing their patriotic duty if they follow orders and bed down with a high-ranking foreigner.

There is, it seems, no end in sight to the dominion that sex seems to hold over our lives these days. And as long as that continues to be the case there will be sex slaves, both those who are impressed into commercial service by the industry and those who buy its products. ■

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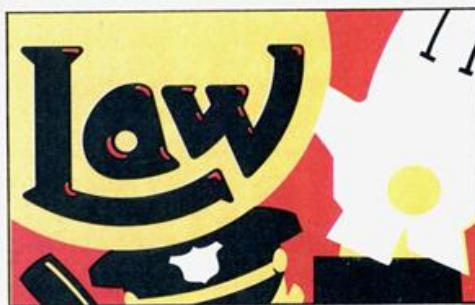
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(Signed) Paul Tornetta, General Manager.



Judge Drops Reefer Sanity Hints

The District of Columbia Court of Appeals has ordered the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to investigate marijuana's standing in the schedule of controlled substances. A five-year NORML suit for looser pot controls has been opposed by the DEA on the grounds that it would break U.S. obligations under Harry Anslinger's Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs, an international treaty.

The court ruled the DEA had usurped HEW's powers in classifying controlled substances and ordered hearings on new research that shows hemp to be harmless and medically useful. Judge J. Skelly Wright listed several options that would not violate the treaty. He suggested pot could be reclassified in Schedule II and THC decontrolled altogether to allow for medical use of hemp, while leaves and seeds could be shifted to Schedule V, the outer circle of the bureaucracy's chemical hell. Pot is currently in Schedule I (no socially redeeming virtues) along with heroin and cocaine.

Minnesota Bench Bumps Domino Busts

Under new Minnesota decrim laws, a person who has accepted a ticket for a minor pot violation cannot be arrested and searched without a warrant, says the state's high court. After writing Jerrel Martin a marijuana citation, cops in Winnebago patted him down and busted him for methamphetamine allegedly found on his person. The Minnesota Supreme Court freed Martin, saying that fishing for felonies on a ticket offense is skating on thin constitutional ice.

No Nukes Is Good Nukes

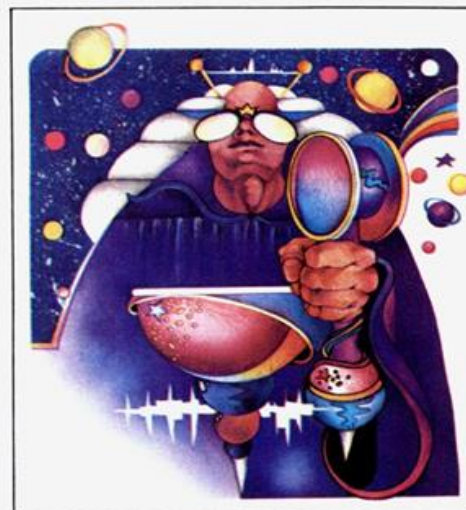
A law that exempts atomic power companies from full insurance payments was struck down recently by a federal district court in North Carolina. The 1957 Price-Anderson Act had made fission firms liable for only \$560 million in damages in case of melt-down, whereas estimated damage from such a catastrophe would be well over \$10 billion. Brought by the

Carolina Environmental Study Group of Charlotte, the action halts construction of two reactors near the city by the Duke Power Company, at least until the case is heard by the Supreme Court.

Far-Out Lawyers Ponder Space Pacts

After agreements on satellite television and orbital nuclear weapons, the 37-member United Nations committee on space law, meeting in Vienna, went on to consider strip mining on the moon.

The satellite weapon treaty came easy, perhaps because there's no way to enforce it. The orbital TV problem was then solved, more by technological limits than by negotiation. Satellite broadcasting theoretically makes it possible for anyone to receive any television program in the world. Many nations feared for their cen-



Linda Harris

sorship until engineers reported that universal reception will not be possible for 20 years.

Inconclusive talks on lunar law have pitted the United States and Soviet Union against the other delegates, as the committee argues whether the moon should belong to nations with space probes or be plundered in the name of all humanity.

When You Care Enough to Send the Very Best...

Harold Riley found out the hard way that cheap mail can be searched without a warrant, while the law keeps expensive communications private. In upholding his 90-day sentence and \$3,000 fine for sending cocaine and a free-phone blue box through the mail, the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals quoted chapter one of the Postal Service Manual: "Mailing of sealed parcels at the fourth-class rates of postage is considered consent by the sender to postal inspection of the contents."

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, chief counsel of NORML. ■

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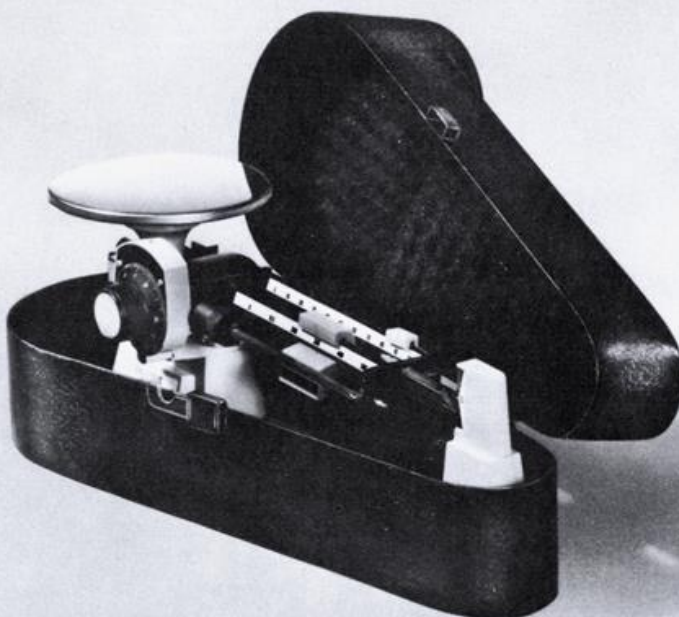
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US MAGAZINE

Nov. '77

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Twin 20-Ton Busts

Florida Customs hauled in 80,000 pounds of weed in dual 20-ton busts less than a week apart, at the end of the importing season. Nineteen suspects were arrested in connection with the shrimp boat *Captain Salty* following a high-speed chase in coastal waters, and eight were taken into custody along with the boats *El Cobre* and *Hortensia* on Key West.

One of the courier boats unloading the *Salty* sped away so fast, it ran aground and traveled 50 feet before coming to a halt, its crew members escaping on foot near Vanderbilt Beach in Collier County. The unwieldy mother ship was seized almost immediately, but not before it reportedly ejected 60 bales of its Colombian cargo.

In the *El Cobre* bust, three crew members escaped under a hail of Customs gunfire, diving off their ship at a Stock Island boatyard. The *El Cobre*, also carrying Colombian, was equipped with \$15,000-worth of radar and sophisticated radio equipment.

•All is not well on the southern dope front. For the second time in a year, a border shoot-out erupted between special Mexican and American police, this one wounding a cop from San Diego and two Tijuana officers. The gunfire broke out east of the U.S. entry port at San Ysidro. The Mexican police crossed the border in pursuit of the U.S. agents, part of a special San Diego task force investigating crimes committed against illegal immigrants.

•While hundreds of U.S. citi-

zens suffer in Mexican jails on grass charges, neighbors of the Mexican ambassador to Ecuador say the envoy is throwing pot parties. According to eyewitness accounts, the garden of the official diplomatic residence in Quito has sprouted marijuana bushes, tended by the ambassador's son. The garden and the house both fall under the diplomatic-im-

munity umbrella.

•Indian food undid Englishman Christopher McCabe's smuggling act in London. McCabe, 26, swallowed four condoms full of hash oil and breezed through Customs at Heathrow Airport. But after dining on a spicy curry, McCabe writhed in agony and had to seek hospital help. The curry helped dissolve one of

the rubbers, doctors said, and McCabe was forced to admit to the hash appetizers.

•Small seed distributors are being pressed by local narcs during the sowing season in southern Ecuador. Parcels of seed were taken in Portoviejo and the Guayas Province, where agents are attempting to stamp out a new strain, dubbed Ecuadorean red, a plant having a Colombian heritage.

•A narc détente? The U.S. Commerce Department reports huge busts in Eastern Europe. A load of almost two tons of hashish on its way from Turkey was seized by Bulgarian Customs on the Yugoslav border. The Bulgars laid the scam on a truck "which normally transports secret material for NATO units." Last year, Bulgaria says, more than 10,000 pounds of dope, most of it hash, were seized at border posts.

•San Francisco cops arrested 14 persons allegedly running what the police called "a pot supermarket" in a dealer's apartment. Cops found the flat "exotically decorated" and seized hundreds of pounds of peyote, LSD, grass and hash. Bags of reefer were carefully labeled as to price and country of origin; "high society" LSD cookies were going for a dollar a box, and virtually anyone could walk off the street to buy some.

•Oklahoma City cops made three quick PCP pops and netted \$1-million-worth of the tranquilizer in the city's largest-ever PCP scam. Also taken were one suspect and some LSD, peyote and Valium.



Pot entrepreneurs are investing in U.S. farms like never before, despite the heavy penalties for growing which still exist in most states. The sad proof is on the police blotter, where crop busts are becoming almost as numerous as shipments taken at sea. This month's international index of marijuana and hashish losers:

10,000 lbs: Lee County, Fla., 2 boats, 20 arrests.

7,698 lbs: Playa Guilarte Arroyo, Puerto Rico, house stash, 3 arrests.

7,000 lbs and 20,000 plants: Oak Hill, Tex., 5 vehicles, 10 arrests.

6,000 lbs: Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., house stash, 1 arrest.

5,891 lbs: Longboat Key, Fla., 2 power boats, 5 arrests.

1,200 lbs: Las Cruces, N.Mex., light plane, 1 arrest.

1,000 lbs: Milford, Conn., warehouse, 4 arrests.

1,000 lbs: Pleasanton, Tex., pickup truck, 1 arrest.

1,000 lbs: Eleuthera Island, Bahamas, 51-foot ketch, 2 arrests.

22,000 plants: Molalla, Ore., farm, no arrests.

10,000 plants: Naples, Fla., farm, suspects at large.

5,000 plants: Ouachita Parish, La., farm, 2 arrests.

3,600 plants: McMinnville, Tenn., farm, 1 arrest.

2,600 plants: Mt. Pilchuck, Wash., farm, suspects at large.

1,750 lbs hash: Tripoli, Lebanon, flotsam.

250 lbs hash: Toulon, France, villa near St. Tropez, no arrests.

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Seize 275 Pounds in Peru

Peruvian narcs dismantled a major smuggling operation after seizing 275 pounds of cocaine in Talara, south of the Ecuador border. Agents arrested a United States couple and three Peruvians at the scene of the bust and took nine more Peruvians and a Colombian into custody in Lima.

Blow was not the group's sole interest. Cops confiscated 300 pre-Incan artifacts with the cache, in addition to two sports cars and \$2,400.

• The FBI has launched an investigation into the alleged coke dealings of the U.S. Marshal's Service. Deputy federal marshals Roger Gibson, 39, of Miami, and Leonard H. Stacey, 31, of Newark, are suspected of conspiring to run flake between the two cities. Both have "been allowed to resign," according to a Miami Herald investigation.

• Five coke dealers in Hollywood, Florida, opted to shoot it out with local constables after being set up to sell five kilos of snow to narcotics agents. Two of the suspects wound up in the hospital with

leg wounds after a running gun battle that climaxed a month's investigation.

• There were no casualties except 66 pounds of blow when gunfire erupted in Loja, Ecuador, over an attempted run from Peru to Colombia. Narcs opened up with carbines, and their fire was returned. The smugglers, believed to be Ecuadorians, escaped, leaving their freight behind.

• The traveling lady looked a little nervous at Miami Airport as she repeatedly adjusted her underwear under the scrutiny of Customs. A body shake-down reportedly uncovered nearly five pounds of coke in a custom-made girdle. The 30-year-old suspect, a Torontonian, was headed to Chicago from La Paz.

• Venezuelan cops say they have taken the largest quantity of illicit coke ever found in that country from two Peruvians in a Caracas hotel. No amount was given.

• The quantities weren't disclosed, but the dragnet was huge in a Canadian Mountie coke campaign. Canadian

newspapers reported that the mounties arrested 32 people and issued warrants for 25 additional suspects in a six-month investigation which netted \$125,000 in cocaine and marijuana.

• Colombian importer Guillermo ("Pimento") Moreno has received a 30-year jail sentence for his part in last year's plan to deliver 45 pounds of snow to San Francisco using scuba divers. The U.S. attorney prosecuting Moreno and his partners charged that stern penalties were needed to bot-

tle "massive quantities" of cocaine entering the country.

• A former corporate executive has been arraigned in Brooklyn, New York, on charges of running six pounds of coke to the U.S. from Lima, Peru. The executive, a former president of the L. Miller Shoe Company, was popped at Kennedy Airport when the stuff was reportedly discovered in his bag. The defense is arguing that the defendant was under extreme pressure from loan sharks and needed quick profits to take off the heat.

Africoke May Be Up Yours

Kenya has announced plans to cultivate a plant that is a close kindred to coke in its kicks. The shrub is known in Kenya as "miraa" and throughout the Middle East by its more common name of "khat." The reddish green plant is used in the preparation of a drug with similar properties to cocaine. Harvard

drug researcher Andrew Weil described khat as the most natural amphetamine ever.

If Kenya did grow the plant commercially, it would be some time before it was internationally marketed. Now khat can only be procured through African herbal specialists and a few pharmacological supply houses.

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Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom

Countless thousands of acres of marijuana are now being harvested in the biggest boom in homegrown farming since the Victory Gardens of World War II. Pot smokers, responding to escalating prices and continuing harassment from authorities, have nurtured pot gardens ranging from flower boxes in windows to acres on top of mountains. With the use of high-potency seeds and sinsemilla growing methods, 1977's homegrown harvest is the biggest and best to date, threatening to put the U.S. in the forefront of international pot production.

Already police have busted pot farms in every state, including Alaska. Some have tractors, irrigation systems, curing shacks and storage barns. In Hawaii and Illinois, mined potfields have been found—the one in Illinois nearly killing a logger. Stories of armed guards camped on site have been rumored in



Michael Kientz

Ohio harvest: Reaping the fruits of their labors, these pot farmers encountered the industry's oldest pest, in sunglasses: the county sheriff.

large growing areas. Gargantuan plantations, some in the aptly-named Great Smoky Mountains, stretch for miles in the fertile mountain valleys. Others bask in the hot, dry sun of Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico.

Much of the impetus for the homegrown surge has come from the high price of quality weed and the Western world's rediscovery of hermaphrodite growing. Dubbed *sinsemilla*, Spanish for "without seeds," the method requires identification and

removal of male pot plants before pollination. The female, in an attempt to survive longer, produces more resins, wherein reside the cannabinoids that give the weed its potency. Though the method dates back to the first domestic cultivation of pot in the Indus Valley 7,000 years ago, it has only come to the attention of western growers in the last few years.

In states where pot grows naturally, growers have taken advantage of natural distribution, concealing Colombian

hybrids in patches of local weed. A Nebraska legislator, pointing out that one-third of the state flowered with cannabis, lobbied for a provision in the pot laws excluding people on whose land it grows naturally, his eye on the countless corn and wheat fields rimmed with the local variety.

An East Coast grower described this year's crop as "the best ever. By August I had quality shake, and the first buds are equal to the best Hawaiian, close to Thai."

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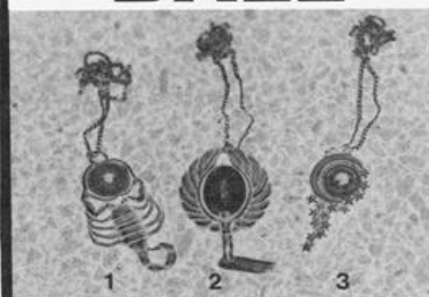


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CARTER PROPOSES DECRIMINALIZATION !

Paraphernalia Industry BOOM Expected!

According to dope industry spokesmen, the U.S. paraphernalia business may soon explode to more than three times its present level, due to President Carter's unprecedented decriminalization proposal. The industry has already risen from \$12 million in 1972 to \$50 million in 1976, and by 1978 could reach as high as \$150 million following decriminalization.

These figures mean that the upsurge of "stone" books and unique head gear that the public has already seen hit the national market is only the beginning. With some states already arrest-free, and others sure to follow now that Jimmy has opened the federal doors, the beautiful and useful accouterments of high society will multiply like mushrooms after a rainfall!

What does this mean to *you*? It means that now, as never before, *you* have a chance to cash in on the tremendous profits being made in the head industry, an industry which has already tripled in size, even before national decriminalization. Our detailed book shows how *you* can duplicate the success of today's industry leaders, and how easily:

**Authors of booklets on everything from magic mushrooms to cocaine have seen their products become national bestsellers.*

**Readily-available legal products have set up the lettuce-extract marketers for life.*

**Home pipe factories and small head shops have exploded into multi-million dollar distributors.*

**Thousands of freaks with good ideas have watched their products create financial independence in a few short months.*

INSTANT MAIL ORDER CASH FOR YOUR IDEAS!

Our book shows you just how to begin your marketing campaign with low-cost mail order advertising. The outstanding advantage of beginning in mail-order is **C.B.D. - Cash Before Delivery!** C.B.D. means a good idea receives immediate reward from the public - in the form of cash-up-front orders! The cash you make up front becomes working capital for your company!

You will see how low-cost classified advertising provides marketing analysis for your products. We will direct you to the best industry sources for advertising - such as **High Times** and **Head** publications providing national exposure for an initial cash outlay as low as \$20.00. Instant cash results mean you can expand advertising as soon as you see you have a winner. One book publisher placed a small ad in a national magazine, and soon was carrying home trays of mail from the post office - *hundreds* of letters every day, each one containing cash, check or money order. *A good product finances itself through C.B.D.!*

Instead of asking your bank for credit, you will learn how you can establish credit by taking money *to* the bank!

Our informative book, "Money Tree", written by mail-order experts to help you establish your own business, tells you:

**How to handle and fill the orders you will receive.*

**How to reply to inquiries from store owners*

**How to handle thousands of orders per week from your own home*

**How to set up business records, apply for licenses, etc.*

**How to keep production and operating costs low, while reaping the largest gains through profitable mail-order!*

**How to design sure-fire ads that get results!*

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To prove how you can join the growing group of heads made rich by their industry, gather a few copies of **High Times**, **Head** and other industry publications, and try this test:

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**Watch for ads which appear in both old and new issues.*

**Repeat advertising proves that a product is a money-maker no business continues to place un-profitable ads!*

You may even notice ads which grew in size over the months. These advertisers used their **C.B.D.** to further market their ideas. To join these people, all you need is an idea, and the **knowhow** (now available from us) to effectively market your brainstorm.

Notice how many new products appear in the magazine advertising pages from month to month. These new papers, pipes, pamphlets and accessories prove that stone thinkers today are building a national market for the whole head gear industry. *And now is the time to join them!*

DISTRIBUTING YOUR PRODUCT

Whether you want to write books, make bongos, sell herbs or explore the more distant realms of psychedelia, our book, "Money Tree" will show you how to distribute your creations nationally, through the already well-developed national paraphernalia marketplace. The

increasing demand by young Americans for high-quality paraphernalia products means that distributors are already searching for new ideas. Stores are stocking a wider and wider variety of "high society" products, themselves becoming distributors of head gear to other stores in their area.

Our information-packed book reveals the means by which you can sell to national distributors from coast to coast, while reaping the benefits of your *own* mail-order advertising campaign. In fact, we offer you not only an explanation of the means, but also the addresses of over 24 major national distributors, *all of whom are constantly adding new product lines!*

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Cheesebox Beats Ma Bell for Millions

by Aureliano Segundo

Technological warfare between Ma Bell and her many detractors has come a long way in the last few years, from primitive black boxes that circumvented calls to sophisticated red, blue and purple boxes that mimic computer tones, not to mention an assortment of countertop devices. The phone company's response has been banks of backtracking computers designed to ferret out and quickly nab phone phreaks. But now the phreaks have rejuvenated an old and honorable phone-dick foiler from the roaring Twenties—the cheesebox.

The cheesebox is a device kept in a "blind cover": a vacant apartment, garage or whatever, through which a call can be routed to make it appear that the cheesebox location is the origin of the call. A caller with cheesebox service simply calls the box, gets



Jacob Wisniewski

another dial tone, dials the desired number and the call is completed.

Installing a cheesebox requires parts and wisdom comparable to a blue box, costs about \$60 and can be outfitted with shut-down and antiscrambler devices. The simplest types operate on the

same exchange, but long-distance exchanges can be programmed that route calls across the country and back again.

Smugglers, dealers, politicians and lovers as well as phone phreaks are making use of the cheeseboxes. Since the blind cover is unoccupied, the cheaper and sleazier the bet-

ter, cops are not enthusiastic about raiding slum tenements unless there's good cause.

Cheeseboxes are nothing new. During prohibition they were routinely used by gangsters. More than once the famed criminal-toe Eliot Ness tracked a rumrunner's call to an empty garage.

CLASSIFIED

Rates: \$2.00/word; min. 10 words. POB nos.—2 words each, abbreviations, ZIP codes - 1 word each. Classified display is available at \$125/column inch (column width is 2 1/8"). All ads must be typewritten for legibility. Check/M.O. must accompany copy and be received by the 15th of the month. All classified ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. High Times, The HT Classified, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

MISCELLANEOUS

PINBALL WIZARDS reveal their secrets in the new book *All About Pinball*. 128 pages, 8 1/2 X 11", 50,000 words, over 100 color, B/W photos and diagrams explain history, professional play techniques, strategy, tournaments, pinball associations, glossary and more. \$18 hardcover, \$8 softcover (price includes postage). **THC CORPORATION**, Box 496, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

FREE PYRAMID ENERGY. Simple theory and construction. Experimental model included. \$2. **RAB ENTERPRISES**, P.O. Box 145, Omro, Wis. 54963.

HAVE HEALTHY HAIR again! Spectacular results guaranteed! \$19.95 **ULTRA-HAIR**, Box 10101HT, Detroit, Mich. 48210.

FIND FREEDOM through communicative revolution. Send \$2 for course: **INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY**, 6011 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca. 90028.

"THE HALL CLOSET"— Anchorage"

MIRACLE FOOD! DOS- age: one tablespoon. Send \$2 for information. **GB**, Box 1288, Chico, Ca. 95926.

NEGATIVE AIR IONIZ- ers, from **SOLARWORKS**, Box 3956, Carmel, Ca. 93921.

NEED NEW ID? CHANGE name/age with birth certificates, drivers licenses, passports, full-color State ID cards, all official ID! Details 25 cents. **EDEN PRESS**, Box 8410-HC, Fountain Valley, Ca. 92708.

160 - PAGE CATALOG with thousands of chemicals, glassware items, scales and instruments. All mail order. Send \$1 to **MERRELL SCIENTIFIC**, Dept. T-1, 1665 Buffalo Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14624.

PHOTO IDENTIFICATION cards: Sample and details, 25 cents and self-addressed, stamped envelope. Box 393-HT, Bala, Pa. 19004.

JUGGLING MADE EASY. Instruction booklet, \$2. P.O. Box 637, Merlin, Ore. 97532.

"UNCLE SAM" HAS THE power to ask and investigate the nature and the source of extra income you deposit to your personal checking and savings accounts. You may be asked to pay tax on it. Here are the correct procedures to secure your very own numbered Swiss bank account. No one has access to any information as to funds on deposit in a Swiss account. This book can save you thousands in accounting and legal fees. Send \$19.99 postpaid to **DELTA PURE INC.**, 4106 Lockfield St., Houston, Tex. 77018.

COLLEGIATE RESEARCH papers. Thousands on file. All academic subjects. Send \$1 for mail order catalog. Box 25916-J, Los Angeles, Ca. 90025. (213) 477-8474.

OFFICIAL, RESTRICTED Law Enforcement Manual on Electronic Eavesdropping techniques and equipment suppliers. Every secret they know! \$8.95 postpaid. AEGIS, P.O. Box 81616, San Diego, Ca. 92138.

IMPORT OR TRANSPORT, your plane or mine. Experienced. Anywhere, anytime, anything. **JMJ ENTERPRISES**, 402 S. Lewis, Waukegan, Ill. 60085.

PARAPHERNALIA GIFTS

RARE APPLE LPS AND singles. James Taylor, Mary Hopkins, etc. Free list. **COEPTIS**, Box 2902HT, Philadelphia, Pa. 19126.

NEW SHOP DEALING IN only quality head and novelty items invites manufacturers catalogs/correspondence. Write: P.O. Box 1633, Anchorage, Alaska 99510.

CUSTOM PRINTED bumper-stickers: \$3/pair, 75 cents/additional, \$30/100. Buttons: \$40/100 (minimum), \$80/1000. **COLT**, Box 271HT, New Vernon, N.J. 07976.

BABY FORCEPS—IDEAL smoking accessory. Handy 3½" stainless steel, \$4; gold-plated, \$6. M.O./certified check: **FIVE STAR PRODUCTS**, 210 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

HELLO NEW YORKERS! "Love It or Loot It" T-shirts, \$5.95 + \$.50 postage. Great gift. Free gift with ad. **BABY BOOGS**, Box 486, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

STAINED GLASS FREAKS Now's your chance! Beautiful, durable stained glass bong. Ready-to-assemble kits, \$26. Plans and designer package, \$12. Free catalog. **CRYSTAL ZEPHYR**, Box 245, Golden, Colo. 80401.

DON'T BUY THIS AMAZING "original Moroccan rope lighter" unless you want the most unusual cigarette lighter ever made! Send only \$3, 2/\$5, 3/\$7 to: **B. FORMAN**, Box 901-H1, Venice, Ca. 90201.

DEAL? HEAD EAST IS here and now.

MATCHES. . . FINEST quality book matches — green marijuana leaf on white background. \$4/box of 50 packs; 5 boxes, \$15. **J. MATCH**, P.O. Box 2049, Fort Pierce, Fla. 33450. Watch for our Christmas ad next month.

HERBS & HIGHS

LEGAL POT.GOTU KOLA, Yohimbe Bark powder, Guarana powder. Chia Seeds, Kola Nut powder, Valerian Root—7 ozs. for \$11. **ELECTRIC EARTH HERBS**, Box 261H, Sonora, Ca. 95370.

SAN PEDRO CACTUS—\$10/6", \$96/80", seeds—\$3/150; Donanna cactus—\$3.50; Hawaiian woodrose seeds—\$3/25. **MOUNTAIN HIGH**, P.O. Box 37, Lafayette, Colo. 80026.

LUDES BY MAIL? WELL almost! Follow our revolutionary copyrighted synthesis to yield pure Methaqualone (714's) in your basement. \$10 p.p. **UNITED NEWS SERVICE**, Box 333, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

YOHIMBE BARK: HEFTY 2 oz/\$4.25. Guarana powder. 1 oz/\$5. Herbal opium: 1 gr/\$2, 3 gr/\$5. Cash or M.O. for immediate delivery: **COSMIC EXPERIENCE**, P.O. Box 793, Tuolumne, Ca. 95379.

WHY DRINK COFFEE? Desert tea gathered from high altitude wilderness has natural organic stimulant like amphetamine. Complete information with order, \$5 per pound. **HIGH MOUNTAIN HERBS**, P.O. Box 256, Pioneertown, Ca. 92268.

BIO-RHYTHMS. KNOW your good and bad days months in advance by using the science of bio-rhythm. Your personalized chart will show the day-to-day rise and fall of the body's three key emotional cycles: health, emotion and intelligence. Don't be without it, order your chart today! 6 mos. chart: \$4.95. 12 mos. chart: \$7.50 (Colo. res. add 3% tax). Send name, address, birth date and check or money order to: **I.T.C., INC.**, P.O. Box 668, Dept. 1A, Greeley, Colo. 80631. (Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.)

NEW SUPPLIERS

BEST LINE OF BONGS, free literature. Send letterhead, distributors/retailers wholesale only. **A BETTER BONG CO.**, P.O. Box 64, Syosset, N.Y. 11791.

PERSONAL

PLEASE HELP US GET my husband out of jail. He was busted by DEA and needs \$75,000 for bail, expenses and a good lawyer to stay out. Send \$1 or what you can afford to: **DONATIONS**, Box 418, Boston, Mass. 02102. Please tell your friends. We need your help.

OPPORTUNITIES

\$1,000,000—LEARN THE secret that make some dealers millionaires. Details \$10. **SUNSTATE DEALERS**, P.O. Box 2233, Haines City, Fla. 33844.

FREE YOURSELF FROM debt. Guaranteed, free details. **INFORMATION PLUS**, Box 36654, Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48236.

STEREO LPS 15 CENTS. Famous artists and labels. Write **TUNES**, 134 S. 20 St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

EXCELLENT OPPORTU-nity for reps & jobbers by large manufacturers of top line quality incenses, expanding nationwide. Represent Rocky Mountain High Incenses and related products. Now offering exceptional profit margin. Private labeling available, and other lines wanted also. Write today. **FRAGRANCES, INC.**, P.O. Box 56, Broomfield, Colo. 80020.

SIGN UP NOW. SHOP FOR gourmet paraphernalia at home the easy way. Get on our mailing list now and get a free pack of rolling paper. Just send your name and address to the **RETAIL MAIL ORDER DEPT.**, Box R, New York, N.Y. 10011.

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HYDROPONIC PLANT food. Premixed, contains all required for rapid hydroponic growth indoors or out. Simpler and less expensive than custom mixing complicated formulas. One pound makes 128 gallons. Send \$5 to **DEBCO**, P.O. Box 8341, Olivette, Mo. 63132.

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NOTICE: Record Raters Wanted

(No experience required) Each month you will receive nationally released albums to rate. **There is no extra charge for the LP's you receive** — all you pay is a small membership fee which covers all costs of the LP's including postage and handling. In return for your opinion you will build a substantial album collection — "first come basis." For application write:
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Trans-High

Market Quotations

AFGHANISTAN

Domestic grass	pungent weed	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	decent	oz	50-100
Mazar-i-sharif	excellent	lb	1-2
Chitral hash	tremendous head	lb	40-80
		oz	3-7
		lb	100-200
		oz	5-10
		lb	125-250

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	slight improvement	oz	20-40
Thai sticks	usually good	lb	200-350
Indian hash	crumbly brown	oz	75-140
Afghani hash	excellent when found	lb	900-1300
LSD	clear blotter, OK	oz	70-100
		lb	800-1100
		oz	100-160
		lb	1100-1600
Cocaine	fair to good, mostly rock	one	2-5
		100	100-200
		gm	75-115
		oz	1600-2200

BELGIUM

Nigerian grass	short supply, good quality	oz	30-50
Chitral hash	excellent when found	lb	425-550
Lebanese hash	hard to find	gm	2-3
Nepalese hash	top notch around	oz	45-75
LSD	scarce	oz	40-60
		lb	400-550
		oz	45-75
		lb	450-600
Cocaine	decent	one	2-5
		100	225-350
		gm	60-100
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA

Domestic	fair to good	oz	25-100
Regular Mexican	steady supply	lb	250-1000
Top-grade Mexican	some sinsemilla	oz	10-25
Commercial Colombian	decent	lb	100-300
Connoisseur Colombian	hard to find	oz	35-65
Thai stick	small green, tasty	lb	350-550
Hawaiian	scarce	oz	30-40
		lb	325-475
Afghani hash	thick black slabs, good	oz	40-65
Indian hash	small amounts of connoisseur	lb	400-600
Moroccan hash	just OK	oz	15-25
Lebanese hash oil	smooth	oz	175-225
THC	available	oz	175-225
LSD	computer dots	lb	2200-3000
Cocaine	good flake	oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1600
		oz	125-175
		lb	1200-1800
		oz	80-110
		lb	900-1200
		gm	25-35
		oz	350-450
		one	1-3
		100	50-100
		one	1-3
		100	75-150
		gm	75-125
		oz	1300-1900

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	very tasty	oz	5-12
Machu Picchu	excellent smoke	lb	40-75
Punta roja	some of the sweetest	oz	5-10
Colombian hash	worthless	lb	45-80
Colombian hash oil	poor	oz	5-10
LSD	just stash	lb	45-80
		100 lb	25-55
		oz	2000-3000
		lb	150-230
		oz	1800-2500
		one	3-5
		100	250-400
		one	3-5
		lb	30-45
		oz	250-400
		lb	4000-6000

DENMARK

Lebanese cloth sack, OK	gm	2-5
Moroccan fair to good	lb	650-900
LSD	gm	1.50-2.50
	lb	650-900
	one	2-3
	100	125-175

ECUADOR

Colombian grass	good to excellent	oz	7.50-10
Ecuadorian red	exquisite high	lb	75-150
Cocaine	mostly flake	oz	3-5
		lb	60-125
		gm	25-40
		oz	450-650
		free	
San Pedro cactus	natural trip		

ENGLAND

Colombian grass	occasional gold	oz	50-75
Moroccan	cloth sacked, fair	lb	600-800
Lebanese	decent blonde	oz	50-75
Afghani hash	good black/green	lb	600-800
LSD	brown blotter, good	oz	70-85
Cocaine	poor to fair	lb	800-900
Mandrax	debilitating	oz	75-130
		one	800-1250
		100	2.50-5
		gm	200-325
		oz	50-125
		one	1200-2200
		100	1-3
		100	75-200

FRANCE

Yamba	rare	oz	40-75
Colombian grass	pressed	lb	400-650
Moroccan hash	commercial	oz	35-65
Afghani hash	black w/white	lb	450-700
LSD	OK	oz	25-50
Opium	dreamland	lb	350-500
		gm	5-10
		one	900-1200
		100	2.50-5
		100	200-350
		gm	10-15

GERMANY

Colombian grass	usually dry, OK	oz	30-50
Afghani hash	fresh black slabs	lb	400-550
Moroccan hash	crumbly green, fair	oz	40-65
Thai sticks	big and good	lb	500-725
LSD	U.S. blotter	one	35-50
Cocaine	heavily cut, fair	oz	450-600
		100	10-25
		100	750-1050
		one	2.50-5
		100	200-350
		gm	65-110
		oz	600-800

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	worthwhile	oz	8-12
Thai grass	good find	lb	100-200
Thai sticks	supply on decline	oz	50-100
Afghani hash	scarce of late	lb	750-1200
		one	8-12
		oz	75-150
		gm	75-150
		oz	75-175

ITALY

Colombian grass	brown bud, OK	oz	60-85
Lebanese hash	stale red, poor	lb	550-750
Moroccan hash	sweet green	oz	100-125
Afghani hash oil	thick black	100 gm	300-400
LSD	hard to find	oz	70-120
Cocaine	fair rock	gm	200-280
Speed	available	oz	25-35
		one	300-450
		100	3.50-5
		100	300-350
		gm	45-75
		oz	900-1150
		gm	50-75
		oz	1000-1300

MEXICO

Torreón violet	ace smoke	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	top crap	lb	80-125
Pueblo	good to excellent	oz	5-10
Magic mushrooms	unique	lb	75-125
		oz	4-6
		lb	65-100
		oz	5-10
		lb	85-115

Cocaine	usually good flake	gm	5-7.50
Opium	available	oz	55-80
		lb	400-500
		5000	

THE NETHERLANDS

Domestic hash	improving, decent	oz	30-50
Moroccan hash	stale	lb	300-400
Lebanese hash	OK	oz	50-75
Afghani hash	excellent quality, good supply	lb	400-600
Hash oil	black Afghani, potent	oz	50-85
		lb	500-650
		oz	65-110
		lb	600-800
		liter	1650-2100

TURKEY

Local hash	fair to good quality & quantity	oz	5-10
Antonia hash	excellent	lb	75-90
LSD	very rare	oz	7.50-10
Opium	terrific	lb	100-200
		hit	5-12
		100	400-600
		oz	3-8
		lb	60-85

USA

Contiguous

Domestic	various types, many good	oz	50-200
Regular Mexican	OK, better expected	lb	600-2500
Top-grade Mexican	short supply	oz	15-25
Jamaican	poor to fair quality	lb	100-250
Commercial Colombian	fluctuating supply	oz	40-65
Connoisseur Colombian	small amounts of red, gold & black	lb	350-650
Moroccan hash	good if fresh	oz	15-25
Lebanese hash	scarce	lb	200-300
Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	25-40
Nepalese hash	temple balls, OK	lb	275-450
Thai sticks	available upon demand	oz	40-70
Hawaiian	excellent when found	lb	350-650
Afghani hash oil	stable situation	oz	85-125
Lebanese hash oil	unavailable of late	lb	900-1500
Honey oil	very tasty	oz	110-160
Speed	mostly bootleg ups	lb	1200-1600
THC	small green tabs, good	oz	120-175
LSD	several types, some good	lb	1300-1900
Quaaludes	poor supply	oz	100-150
Cocaine	good rock, OK flake around	lb	1200-1700
		oz	160-225
		lb	1600-2600
		oz	150-250
		lb	1700-2700
		gm	25-40
		oz	300-450
		gm	25-35
		oz	275-400
		gm	25-45
		oz	350-500
		one	25-1
		100	15-60
		one	1-2
		100	50-125
		one	1-3
		100	65-150
		one	2-4
		100	150-300
		gm	75-125
		oz	1500-2200

Alaska

Domestic	fair to very good high	oz	35-100
Regular Mexican	OK	lb	400-1200
Top-grade Mexican	some Guerreran gold	oz	15-30
Colombian	usually commercial	lb	200-350
Cocaine	rock steady	oz	35-55
		lb	325-500
		oz	30-45
		lb	375-500
		gm	85-130
		oz	1700-2200

Hawaii

Kona gold	sweet smoke	oz	125-175
Maui	green with brown hairs	lb	1600-2300
LSD	blotter mostly	oz	125-175
		lb	1500-2200
		one	1-3
		100	75-150

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

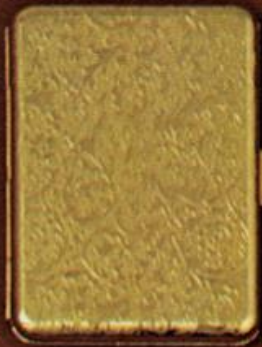
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Be a Computer Programmer in Your Spare Time

This year's winner in the Inventions You Thought You'd Never Need category is a computer turntable that lets you program any tracks on a side in any order. The ADC Accutrac 4000 features completely externalized controls that let you play any portion of a side without touching the tone arm. An infrared generator and detector scans the surface and tells the machine when it hits a separation groove or runout track, and a computer memory lets you play up to 13 cuts in any order, with pauses or instant replays whenever you wish. Only thing it doesn't do is turn the record over.

Of course, a top spinner needs more than some computer gadgetry to recommend it. This entry scores for the almost complete elimination of noisy mechanical changer parts. An advanced ADC LMA-1 cartridge, direct drive platter and five-percent speed adjustment for tuning make it perfect for someone who doesn't quite have everything. The bottom line: \$500.

Diesel Beetles Win Gas Game

The Volkswagen company recently presented a prototype diesel car to the U.S. Transportation Department for tests in compliance with a fuel economy law. The four-cylinder supercharged engine gets 60 miles per gallon, far beyond the 27.5 mpg that will be required of all American-built cars by 1985. The model also offers passenger survival in a head-on crash up to 40 miles per hour.

How to Grow Marijuana Indoors Without Lights

Octogenarian inventor and engineer T. Galen Hieronymus claims to have devised a way to grow plants in total darkness. Hieronymus, father of the embryonic science of psionics (nonelectromagnetic energy), connected his plants by wires to copper plates in the sun.

In an interview in Analog, he described the experiment in which he planted oats

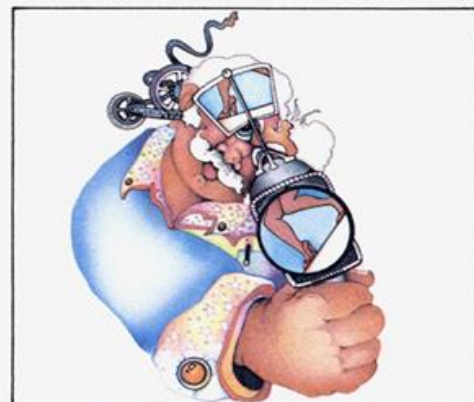
in eight germinating boxes kept in his lightproof laboratory. The bottoms and tops of the boxes were lined with aluminum foil. The bottoms were grounded to plumbing fixtures; the top pieces were hooked up to copper plates and screens of various sizes. As a control, one box of seeds was not connected to anything.

Plates worked better than screens, but all the plants grew green except the controls, which developed no chlorophyll. The ones tied to the largest plate even seemed to be sun scorched.

Cassette Takes

Instant home movies are here. Dr. Edwin H. Land calls these self-developing cassettes "entertainment modules." You slap a blank cartridge into the camera, shoot for two minutes and 40 seconds, then clap it in the 12-inch (diagonal) viewer and wait another 55 seconds until the machine automatically turns itself on and runs the film when developing is done.

The ingenious chemical system uses an additive process that forms a color image

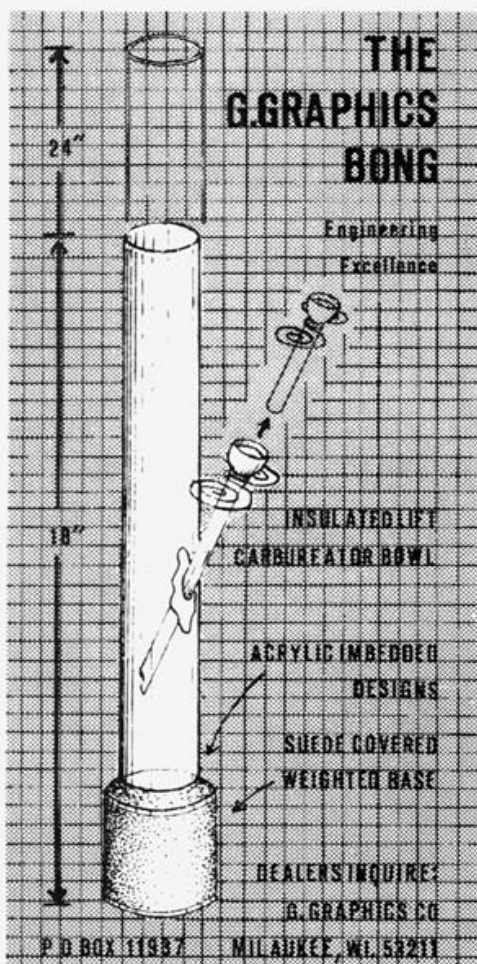


Linda Harris

on black-and-white film by combining light from red, green and blue filters—but the filters are microstripes of these three colors embedded in the film itself. Because the light travels through the film base, clarity is not yet this system's strong point. But myriad improvements will surely follow. Sound is next, then editing capacity and use of the system to replace tape recorders and bulky TV cameras for news reporting.

Leave the Driving to IBM

Chuckling their maps, motorists may soon select their destinations on dashboard computers and concentrate on steering and sightseeing as their cars guide them around traffic jams, tolls and natural disasters. A system developed by Blaupunkt Car Radio Company and Machen University is expected to be operational in the Rhine-Main area of Germany by next spring. A central computer will coordinate information from a network of roadside sensors, feeding instructions to a \$100 computer terminal in the cars.



Out-of-Pocket Exposures

Since Kodak's Pocket Instamatic of 1972, 50 million 110's have been sold, taking hand-size cameras out of the realm of spy toys and into America's purses and pockets. Half of what's on the market is still the aim-and-shoot variety, perhaps with a choice of two basic shutter speeds or exposure settings. But a full range of shutter speeds automatically controlled by an electric eye is essential for reliable 110 color shots, and most of the better models in the \$60-to-\$250 range have this feature.

At the top of the heap are brands with fast lenses (f/2.8 to f/2) to minimize the blur of shaking hands, fast action or dim light. The speed makes accurate focusing through a range finder coupled to the lens very important. Four products now offer this combination: Fujica's pocket 600 (\$180), Kodak's Tele-Instamatic 708 (\$95), Minox's 110S (\$228) and the Vivitar 742XL (\$175). The Minox and Minolta's 110 zoom SLR use slightly less effective reflex prism focusing instead, but the latter is the only 110 that features full aperture control with a macro setting for close-ups down to 11 inches. The Minolta and Vivitar are a bit bulky for pockets, though.

Most blurred 110 photos result not from inadequate technology, but from unsteady hands. And here's one more tip—nobody ever pays list price. If you can't get a 25- to 40-percent discount from a store, do some more shopping.

Dealing from the Top of the Deck

A new generation of cassette decks has brought new refinements to the state of the art. Three new units, each costing about \$500, offer sound realism that compares with all but the best stereo systems. All three are small enough to tote to concerts for live recordings. The Technics RS-677US has a remote control feature, the Nakamichi 600 uses the company's own crystal-permalloy tape heads for the longest life available and the German Uher CR-210 is by far the smallest, lightest hi-fi cassette deck around. Performance of the three is roughly equivalent.

On an altogether different level is Teac's new 860, a deluxe semiportable cassette studio. It uses the three-motor, three-head design pioneered by Nakamichi 1000 II and 700 II. Separate record and playback heads allow for optimum magnet gaps for each function, instead of the compromise required for two-head models. Four microphone/mixer inputs and lots of interesting front panel buttons make it suitable for demo tapes. Teac has also acquired a license to use the new dbx, Inc., noise-reduction circuitry; it allows a whopping signal-to-noise ratio (90 dB), which puts background static out of the range of most people's ears. ■

Peter Baumann can see for miles.

Peter Baumann, one of the three keyboard and synthesizer virtuosos who comprise Tangerine Dream, possesses the infinite vision that has made his group one of the most important contributors to the body of mystagogic lore. He also possesses the faculty of acute hindsight, which he used to great advantage when he composed "Romance 76," a wordless examination of the degrees, depths, and limitations of a lost love affair.

Peter Baumann's "Romance 76"—a look back into the future. On Virgin Records and Tapes.



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Richman Bops

Boston's Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers sound like you or me singing in the shower, but onstage, Jonathan is a whirling dervish, twisting and twirling while singing happy songs about Martians, leprechauns and other dope-inspired fantasies. Jonathan's rock 'n' roll classic "Roadrunner," produced years back by John Cale in a Velvet Underground vein, was recently released as a single in England. But Jonathan long ago forsook those electric guitars, heavy orchestration and over-dubbing for a simple, recorded-live-in-the-studio sound reminiscent of early Sun records.

On their third album, *Rock 'n' Roll with the Modern Lovers* (Beserkley PZ-34800), Richman's untrained voice and the Modern Lovers' unvarnished acoustic accompaniment are refreshingly raw. The highlights here are Jonathan singing a love song to the ice-cream man ("Hey ice-cream man/Ring your bell/Play the music I love so well") while backed by crewcut "Curly" Keranen's smooth bass



The Modern Lovers (left to right): Leroy Radcliffe, Jonathan Richman, D. Sharpe and "Curly" Keranen.

and a cruisin' song about a car that doesn't cruise ("It doesn't go anywhere/My Dodge Veg-O-Matic there in the parking lot"), backed by Leroy Radcliffe's wildly strumming guitar and D. Sharpe's bopping zebra-skinned drums. The lively rock 'n' roll numbers alternate with lilting instrumentals that combine cowboy guitar with Oriental gong and triangle, sounding like two samurai warriors meeting for a gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

—Dolores Flamingo



Charlie Frick

Dylan protégée Scarlet Rivera fiddles like a passionate gypsy.

Scarlet Fever

In her recent concert at New York's Bottom Line, Scarlet Rivera's eyes shone like burning coals, her hair flowed like a lush jungle in the cool breeze of night, while her electronically amplified violin segued from fiery classical through demonic jazz/rock to romantic gypsy strains. When Bob Dylan discovered her carrying a violin case when he stopped his car on a Greenwich Village street corner, he could see gypsy all over her—legend has it he got her into a conversation by pretending to be a Hungarian gypsy musician named Danny. Her hauntingly passionate chops on "Desire" are history, and on her new album, *Scarlet Rivera* (Warner Bros. BS-3060), her bewitching melody lines are evocatively echoed by the whining synthesizer of keyboardist Dominic Cardinale and the soaring voice of singer Rollie Hui, two members of Black Rose, the band she joined after leaving the Rolling Thunder Revue.

—Harry Wasserman

Moodymania

THE MOODY BLUES CAUGHT LIVE PLUS FIVE, by the Moody Blues (London 2PS 690/1); NATURAL AVENUE, by John Lodge (London PS 683); SONGWRITER, by Justin Hayward (Deram DES 18073) and PARADISE BALLROOM, by the Graeme Edge Band (London PS 686). Like



so many planets being hurtled into the vast reaches of space by the explosion of a supernova, the Moody Blues split apart in February 1974, after achieving the unquestioned status of space-age sages for the acid generation. More than three years later, Moodymania has been



Craig Alexander

(Left to right) Hayward, Edge and Lodge revived by the release of their first live album, *The Moody Blues Caught Live Plus Five*, a double lp featuring material from their sold-out concert series at Lon-

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don's Royal Albert Hall in 1969, plus five previously unreleased tracks recorded at the pinnacle of their psychedelic period (1967-1968), most notably Justin Hayward's "What Am I Doing Here?" and Mike Pinder's "Please Think about It."



John Lodge gathered together his fave British rock musicians, including guitarist Chris Spedding and Faces drummer Kenny Jones, for *Natural Avenue*, the solo album that comes closest to approximating the old Moody Blues sound. Lodge carries high the Moodies' psychedelic grail, and his material is heavily reminiscent of the flowing, lyrical, ethereal delivery that once scored so big with the band's audience. He fattens his songs with a lot of strings, French horns, oboes and other orchestral embellishments charted by Brian Rogers.



The most up-tempo of the new solo albums is Justin Hayward's *Songwriter*. Hayward's pushing, driving, speeding vocals highlight his haunting lyrics

about the fear and excitement of life at the top. He takes the route of rock auteur à la McCartney's first solo album, playing all the instruments on complicated, multi-layered tracks. Hayward soars on keyboards, percussion, synthesizer and strings, while his voices double and echo inside of each other, thanks to the electronic wizardry and masterly mixing of Moodies producer Tony Clarke.



Drummer Graeme Edge's *Paradise Ballroom* spans the eclectic vibes of the British pop star mentality and the down-to-earth prominent bass and drums of stateside disco. The hottest track on the album is "Everybody Needs Somebody to Love," featuring drums with funky syncopation, heavy bass holding onto the lead lines, screaming horns in the refrains, electronics galore and heavy vocal phasing. Weighing in at three minutes and twenty-three seconds, the cut sounds like the kind of tune you'd hear on a soul station playing on an AM radio aboard a space shuttle. —Charlie Frick

TERRAPIN STATION, by the Grateful Dead (Arista AL 7001). Aided by the slick commercial style of Fleetwood Mac producer Keith Olsen, the Dead succeed here on a level of instrumental complexity and technical proficiency to which their *Blues for Allah* album merely hinted. The first side features a Phil Lesh/Peter Monk fireball called "Passen-



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ger." with strong lead vocals by song
stylist Donna Godchaux and guitarist Bob
Weir, backed by the amiable drumming of
Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart. Weir's
rhythm riffs are sharp, and Garcia's slide
solos are more concise and less laid-back
than his earlier work.

Unquestionably the most intricate and
sophisticated composition the Dead have
undertaken to date is the title cut, a
seven-part suite that avoids the standard
Dead "tension-release" formula for longer
material that includes subtle thematic
variations and vocally embellished repe-
titions. Largely a Garcia/Hunter collab-
oration, the suite includes a rhythmically
intense Kreutzmann/Hart creation called
"Terrapin Flyer," punctuated with
flawless horn arrangements. The Dead is
beginning to function as a cohesive entity,
no longer just a crew to accompany Gar-
cia on his cosmic journeys.

—Larry Blasins

AFRO-BLUE IMPRESSIONS, by John
Coltrane (Pablo Live 2620 101). This two-



record set, the cream of
jazz producer Norman
Granz's Pablo Live
series, is the best of the
recent Coltrane reissues since *The Other
Village Vanguard
Tapes*. Coltrane was in brilliant form
recording it live in Europe, impassioned
but not strident while straining the limits
of the saxophone in ways still being
explored by a generation of young jazz
musicians in New York's lofts. The
album's real gem is a knockout treatment
of the old standard "I Want to Talk About
You," in which Coltrane launches an un-
accompanied coda halfway through the
cut (a device usually associated with
Sonny Rollins). McCoy Tyner gets most
of the solo space after Trane, and proves
that he played a lot earthier and funkier
stuff than he does these days—just dig his
piano solo on "Spiritual."

—Peter Occhiogrosso

IN THE FALLING DARK, by Bruce
Cockburn (Island/True North ILTN 9463).



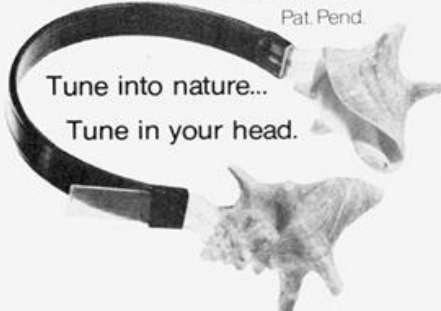
Bruce Cockburn is an
intriguing blend of nat-
uralist and cosmic
spiritualist, a metaphys-
ically attuned folk
singer whose populari-
ty in his native Canada
has never successfully translated across
the border. *In the Falling Dark*, his first
album to be distributed in the U.S. in over
five years, is based mostly in folk, al-
though there is a prominent jazz flavor to
some songs, particularly the arresting in-
strumental, "Giftbearer." The percussion,
bass and acoustic guitar form a spare but
vitalized rhythm section, and Cockburn's
voice, although lacking in range, is sincere
and expressive.

—Steven Cahill

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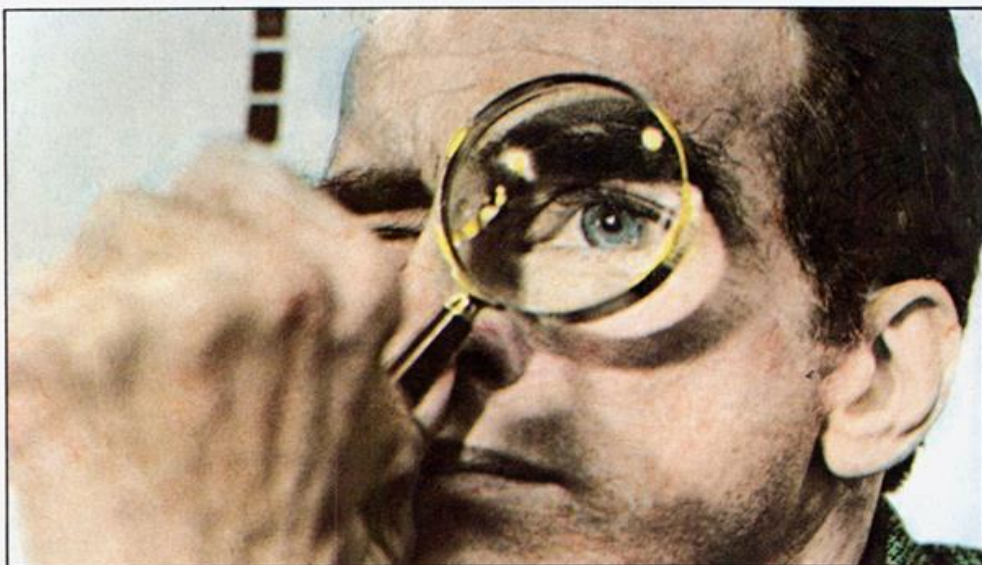
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Clift's Last Cliffhanger

Movie star Montgomery Clift must have been the life of every Hollywood party he attended. High on booze and Demerol, he'd eat off other people's plates or crawl under the dinner table and fall asleep. "If Monty had died right after making *From Here to Eternity* at the age of 32," says author Robert LaGuardia in his incisive biography *Monty* (New York: Arbor House, \$12.95), "he would have become an even greater cult figure than [James] Dean." But Monty lived for 13 more years,



Seven Arts Pictures

The late Montgomery Clift in his last movie, *The Defector* (1966).

and he is probably best remembered for, as one of his teachers put it, "the slowest suicide in show business." Behind the scenes, the impervious macho stud of *Red River* was depressed and nervous, Liz Taylor's lover in *A Place in the Sun* was really gay and the man who played Freud suffered bouts of hebephrenic schizo-

phrenia. But audiences loved Monty, cut from the same rebel mold as Dean and Brando; viewers of *Raintree County* (1956) had fun guessing which scenes were shot before or after his face was repaired by plastic surgery, thanks to a doped-up car accident during the film's shooting.

—David Bruce Terrasi



Dr. Steven H. Pollock

Bob Harris

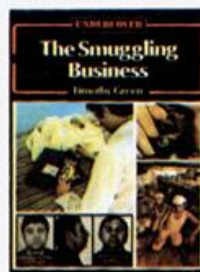
(Clockwise, from the top): *Psilocybe cubensis*, *Psilocybe semilanceata*, *Psilocybe baeocystis*, *Panaeolus subbalteatus*.

A Mushroom of One's Own

Mushroom books are sprouting everywhere like magic. In *Magic Mushroom Cultivation* (San Antonio, Texas: Herbal Research Foundation, \$5), Steven H. Pollock, M.D., tells how to grow the fruit of the gods in such exotic substances as rice cakes, compost and Purina Dog Chow. If you can't tell a player without a scoreboard, then pick up the newly revised *Magical Mushroom Handbook* (Seattle, Washington: Homestead Book Company, \$2.95), in which *High Times* photographer Bob Harris provides color photos of various hallucinogenic mushrooms, while authors Richard Alan Miller and David Tatelman describe the size and color of each one's cap, gills, stem, flesh and spore print, along with habitat and season.

—Al Bistro

THE SMUGGLING BUSINESS, by Timothy Green (New York: Crescent Books/Crown Publishers, \$6.) "A smuggler,"



wrote Dostoevsky in *The House of the Dead*, "works from inclination, from passion. He is on one side an artist. He risks everything, runs terrible dangers; he is cunning, invents dodges, and gets out of scrapes, and sometimes acts with a sort of inspiration."

British author Timothy Green sees the smuggler more as an "international businessman" than a passionate artist. But Green's lavishly illustrated anecdotes



David Oliver

A gold smuggler hides her wares.

about the ones who didn't get away with it support Dostoevsky's thesis that for the smuggler, the thrill is more important than any possible profit. Green has visited such smuggling capitals as Marseilles (heroin), Morocco's Ketama ("Kif City") and the Persian seaport of Dubai (gold) to clue us in on such elaborate scams as smuggling diamonds in condoms, making contra-

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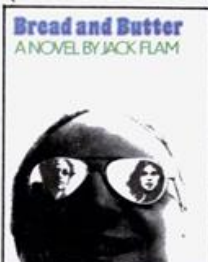
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band parrots shut up by getting them drunk, and selling Dali back his own smuggled painting. —Harry Wasserman

BREAD AND BUTTER, by Jack Flam (New York: Viking, \$10). Jack Flam's first

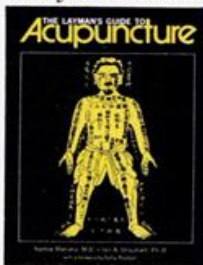


novel, *Bread and Butter* is the spirited saga of Sam Morse, who steals cars, deals dope and commits blackmail as he attempts a kind of hippie Huck Finn breakout from the claustrophobia of modern urban life.

Sadly, Sam is too inept to be an outlaw and too charming to avoid the potholes of personal entanglements which endanger his flight to uncertain freedom.

Bread and Butter is flawed by Flam's bare-boned approach to characterization, especially in the misogynistic view of women. Sam says at different points, "It's amazing how easily you can buy off a woman with a present," and later, "never argue with a woman who's on the rag." Flam does successfully capture the alternately frolicsome and paranoid world views of new age ne'er-do-wells. But Sam Morse, like wide-eyed Huck Finn, can never escape the kiss of a corrupt world. And Sam cannot resist the temptation of French-kissing it back, which is ultimately the American way. —Craig Silver

THE LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO ACUPUNCTURE, by Yoshio Manaka, M.D. and Ian A. Urquhart, Ph.D. with a foreword by Sally Reston (New York & Tokyo: Weatherhill, \$3.95). "Voodoo



without the middleman," was my response when someone suggested acupuncture for a chronic bad back. For all I knew, voodoo was the cause of my condition, and needles put me uptight. But nothing else had worked, so I gave it a shot. It worked, period. And the needles did not hurt. When I asked how and why, my main man lent me this book.

It's short, lucid, comprehensive and, in conjunction with treatment, mind-blowing. Western medicine is grudgingly incorporating acupuncture, to the benefit of everyone but the pharmaceutical lobby. Take anesthesia: they stick a little needle in your hand, then pull out a tooth with no pain. If you think it's psychological, somehow hypnotic, then how about the horse? They stick a needle in its shoulder, then open up its gut. During the operation, the horse converses freely with the surgeons. Were it merely a placebo, the horse would kick shit out of them when they pulled their knives. —Michael Newman

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THE COLLAPSING UNIVERSE, by Isaac Asimov (New York: Walker, \$8.95). Imagine, if you can, the sight and spectacle of a star collapsing upon itself; its death throes pulling all matter inward with force sufficient to smash the protons and neutrons at its core. It grows smaller while becoming denser (for no matter is destroyed, merely compacted), until a star with a diameter of over a million kilometers is reduced to a dark sphere with a diameter of six kilometers. At that point it exists as concentrated mass, with surface gravity so strong and escape velocity so great that not even light can escape its leaden grasp. This is the posited "black hole" of space, a black mass that sucks in and consumes anything coming within its gravity.



In the clear and coherent manner that has earned him the title, "popularizer of science," Asimov takes you step by step through the phenomenon of black holes, as well as explosive supernovas, elusive white holes and the mysterious matter-antimatter bridge.

Praised by scientist and science fiction fan alike, this book is exciting reading for anyone desiring to expand their comprehension of the universe. —Robert Huszar

THE MONTH BY MONTH GUIDE TO INDOOR GARDENING, by Ken Druse (New York: Popular Library, \$1.50). Did you know that a nicotine base made from cigarette butts mixed with dish soap makes an effective pest-control misting solution for plants? If you didn't, and aphids have just made doilies of your dracaena, check out the "August" section of this easy-reading, low-cost paperback guide. According to the Plant Institute of America, about 300-million dollar's worth of pet veggies are lost each year to ignorance and bad advice in plant books. This author knows it well, and spices his prose by scotching such silly notions as placing birth-control pills in the soil of "girl" plants.



Artist as well as horticulturist, Druse has attractively illustrated all his instructions: pollinating with a fine-tip paint brush, beating the bad effects of heating systems, dwarfing, repotting, fertilizing, forcing bulbs and "garbage gardening."

February is the best month to start your plants from seed, and that applies to weeds as well as flowers. The chapter on this month is particularly fecund about germination; follow the instructions and you should have some nice buds come fall.

—Joan Schwartz



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Tax Act Passed Marijuana Illegal

By Johnathan Goodman

WASHINGTON, D.C. — I don't think I can
think about this without feeling a sense
of awe. It is a great day in the history of
the United States. The Senate has passed
a bill that will make it illegal to grow
marijuana in this country. This is a
great day for the people of this country.
I am sure that the people of this country
will be proud of the Senate's decision.
I am sure that the people of this country
will be proud of the Senate's decision.
I am sure that the people of this country
will be proud of the Senate's decision.

When the Senate passed this bill, it was
a great day for the people of this country.
I am sure that the people of this country
will be proud of the Senate's decision.
I am sure that the people of this country
will be proud of the Senate's decision.
I am sure that the people of this country
will be proud of the Senate's decision.

Everybody Makes Mistakes

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Sometimes the government makes big mistakes. Remember Vietnam?
Watergate?

The laws against marijuana are another costly mistake.
A legacy of the 30's, they are outdated, unfair and expensive.

Last year more than 400,000 otherwise law-abiding citizens were
arrested on minor marijuana charges. The taxpayer's cost was \$600
million. For those arrested, ruined lives and careers cost even more.

In Congress the Javits/Koch bill (S. 601/H.R. 432) reduces federal
penalties for marijuana smoking to a maximum \$100 fine. It would work
like a traffic ticket, with no arrest. Or jail. The Kastenmeier bill (H.R. 2997)
eliminates all federal penalties for private smoking, with a possible \$100
fine for public use.

These bills need your immediate support.

Write your Senators and Representatives, U.S. Congress, Washington,
D.C., 20515 and President Jimmy Carter at the White House, Washington,
D.C., 20500. Tell them you support the removal of federal penalties for
marijuana smoking.

Let's put this mistake behind us.

JOIN NORML.

Money is needed to finish the job once and for all.

High Style

ERTE



Deco Dream Dresses



Why not make your entrance in a clinging skirt of banana skins? A cage of hummingbirds on your head? Or leading snarling panthers on golden chains? That's the kind of thing women do in their Erte

Live shots by Robin Platzer/Images

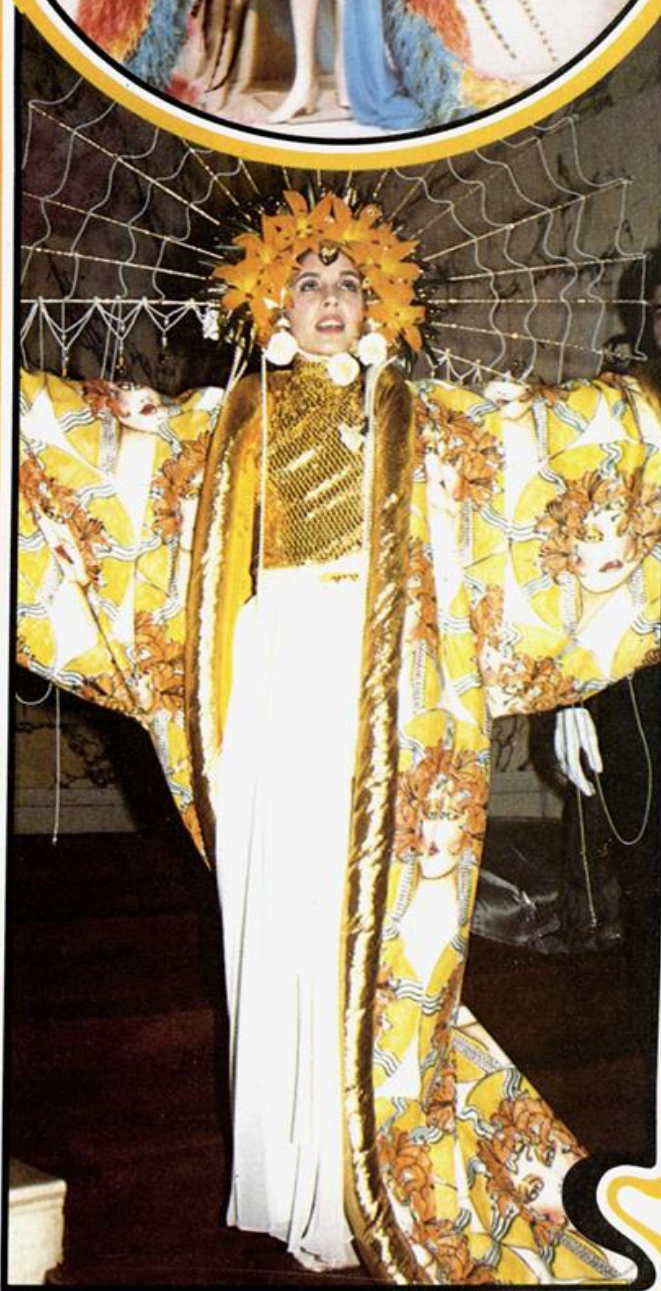
Stills by Steve Cooper



gowns—women like Mata Hari, Sarah Bernhardt, Isadora Duncan, Helena Rubenstein, Barbra Streisand and Twiggy. For over 80 years, Erte has been synonymous with outrageously dramatic elegance in fashion. Throughout his long career, Erte has avoided everything dull and unimaginative.

The first gown Erte designed was worn by the wife of the

admiral of the Russian Imperial Fleet. He was five years old, and she was his mother. Since then, Erte has created hundreds of spectacular gowns and shows for Ziegfeld Follies, Folies Bergere, Folies Pigalle, the Metropolitan Opera, the Moulin Rouge, the Latin Quarter, the Palladium, the London Symphony, the Lido, the Winter Garden, the New York World's Fair and Expo



'67. His designs appeared in galleries and museums throughout the world. His contemporaries were Picasso and Stravinsky. For 22 years Erte designed every cover of Harper's Bazaar. He was under exclusive contract to MGM. During the one year he spent in America in the Twenties, he was interviewed 197 times.

Erte was the clown prince of art deco, a superstar who'd enter

posh events in his own costumes, stealing the show from his lady companions and leading people to call him "irresistible with a sense of style that few models are lucky enough to possess." There have been many great designers, but there is only one Erte—an artist who sees beyond the body of a woman to discover the walking birdbath in her soul. Viva Erte! 🍷

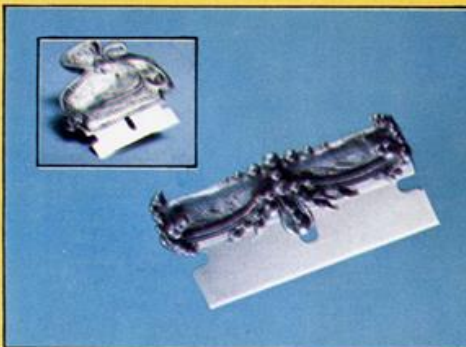


High Style



High Sea Gardening

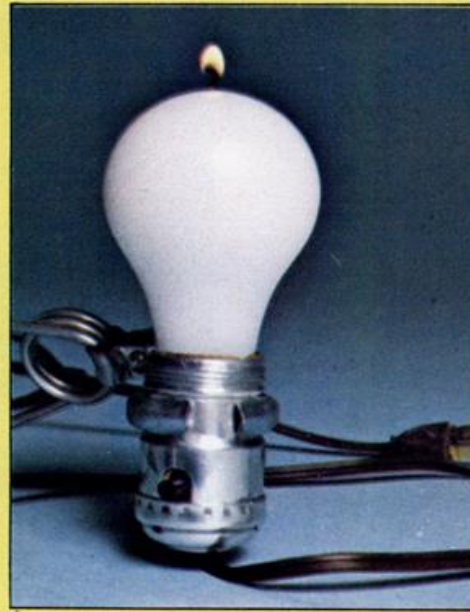
Underwater towns will be the fat cities of 50 or 100 years hence. But dopers will still get their wet heads fed. Now you can set your pleasures afloat with Hydropot, a self-contained system for growing dope in water. The Hydropot measures only 2.5 feet and yields as much dope as 16 square feet of garden space. Complete with nutrients, 30 pounds of Kona lava, an electric aeration pump, a nutrient dispenser and pH tester, the Hydropot requires no maintenance and offers its bounty twice as fast as traditionally grown weed. \$39.95 plus shipping and handling charges of \$3.50 in California and \$5.50 in the rest of the continental U.S., from Applied Hydroponics, 1299 Fourth Street, Suite 308, San Rafael, Ca. 94901.



David Oliver
Steve Cooper

Light a Bulb

New York's experience last summer proved that as the energy crisis gets worse we can start getting used to the dark ages. Of course it'll be hard in the beginning, but New York artist Neke Carson has come up with a handy end-of-the-world starter kit called Light a Bulb. It's a handy candle-bulb that turns any ordinary electric lamp into a candelabra. When it burns down, the flame glows from the inside just like the real thing. \$5 plus \$.60 handling from Neke Carson, 462 Broome Street, New York, N.Y. 10013.



David Oliver



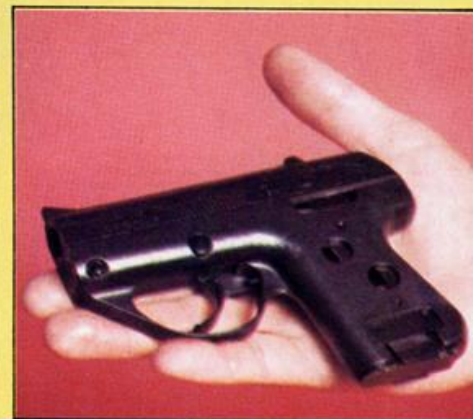
Black Cat Photo

Keep an Eye on Your Bag

The Freemasons never did it. The U.S. government never did it. But Preston Stuart and Jim McCullough of Doodle Products have done it. They've copyrighted the one-eyed pyramid on the back of every Yankee dollar and planted it on the front of their nifty canvas Volksbags. Sporting a snap and clip system of adjustable straps, the Volksbagen converts into a shoulder bag, a sling bag, a backpack and a handbag. Available in natural, red, yellow, navy, green and black, each bag is shipped in its own canvas pouch. A farsighted investment at \$19.95 from Doodle Products Corporation, P.O. Box 4707, Austin, Tex. 78765.

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David Oliver

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David Oliver



David Oliver

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Dali on Dope

In a long, rambling interview with Salvador Dali, performed in his "Mortuary Parlour" at the St. Regis Hotel, it suddenly dawned on me that the maestro might be stoned. "Do you smoke marijuana?" I blithely inquired.

Dali's famous mustache quivered. "Never with marijuana or any kind of dope anything happen interesting," he replied emphatically. "Never, never, never. Is completely subjective. You believe that this is fantastic, but is not."

In a short, intense interview with Andy Warhol a few days later, conducted in the board room of his office complex on Manhattan's industrious Union Square, I asked, "How do you feel about drugs?"

"I've always believed in drugs," he replied. "I think it's great the way people feel on drugs. It would be wonderful if people could feel that way all the time without being peculiar. Then it'd be worth living."

—Victor Bockris

Muckraker à la Mode

Grilling a talkative ex-narc for her sizzling scoop, "Confessions of a DEA Agent" was a piece of cake for our Managing Editor Susan Wyler. A gourmet chef and former editor of Betty Crocker Cookbooks, Wyler came to *High Times* to launch a career in investigative highs. She's currently at work on the ultimate dopers' cookbook.



Pete Lippincott



Harlan Ang

Jive bicycle rider John Lloyd, Jr., Oakland, California, 1977.



Crumb Plug

If you haven't been seeing as many Robert Crumb comix as you'd like to recently, you can catch up with the master by buying his most recent book, *R. Crumb's Carload o' Comics*, a 160-page-plus anthology of Crumb's greatest and some of his latest work. Costs only \$7 postpaid (\$8 foreign) from Belier Press, Box C, Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028.

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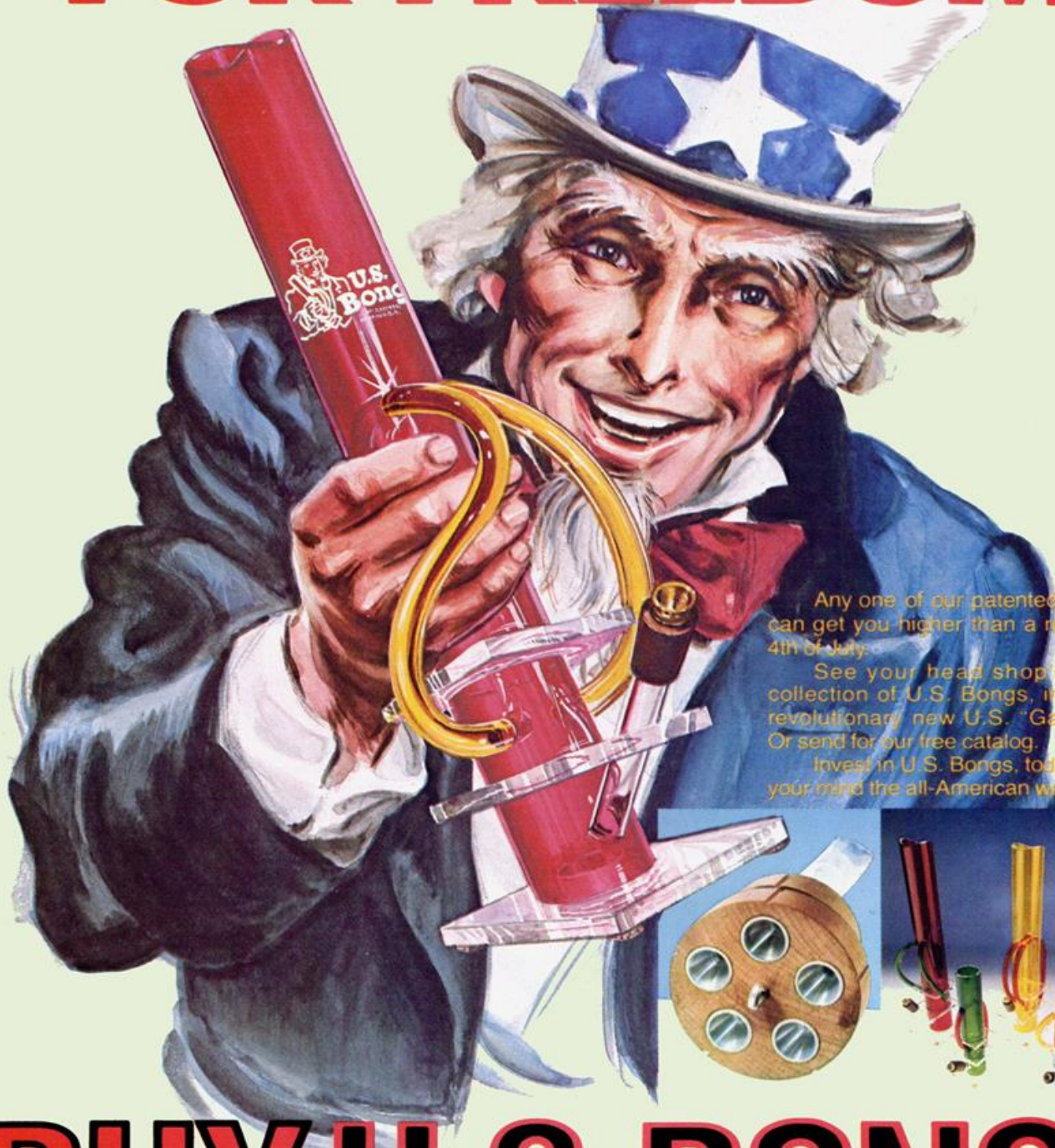
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High Times

NOVEMBER 1977



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